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**SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.** THE ANNUAL MEETING of the above SOCIETY was held in EDINBURGH on the 6th May. The report by the Directors stated that the number of policies issued during the year ending 1st March last, was 638, the sum assured thereby being £23,950, and the annual premiums thereon, £198. The result of the investigation for the triennial division of profits was then announced. The surplus ascertained to have arisen amounted to £83,898, which wholly belongs to the members, but of which one-third (£27,959) must, by the laws of the Society, be set aside as a reserve for allocation at the next triennial division in 1859. From the remaining two-thirds a Bonus was declared at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum, on all policies on which six premiums had been paid, not only on the sums in the policies, but also on the former vested bonuses. There was left, in addition to £1,279, of reserve above stated, a surplus of £15,625, together with 74,902 to go to the next division. THE INVESTED FUNDS of the Society amounting to £79,261. THE ANNUAL REVENUE to £169,400. THE EXISTING ASSURANCES to £4,764,949. Copies of the report may be obtained at the Society's head office, 26, St. Andrew-square, Edinburgh; at the London Office, 126, Bishopsgate-street Within, and at any of the agencies.

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# THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

## THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

LITERATURE has been greatly honoured this week, for "a literary party" (*vide the Morning Post*) has been dining with Lord Mayor SALOMONS, at the Mansion House. The "literary party" in question appears to have been Mr. ARTHUR HELPS; for, on perusing the list of guests, that is the only name which seems worthy to be ranked among the *sommités* of Literature, properly so called. The Press, indeed, was adequately represented, for there were the Editor of the *Times*, the Editor of the *Examiner*, and the Editor of *Notes and Queries*. In proposing the toast of Literature (to which the Author of "Friends in Council" responded) the LORD MAYOR said something about the "good, sound, moral tone in the literature of the present day, which contrasted favourably with that of the past century." It is true that the *dicta* of Lord Mayors generally have not much authority upon such subjects; but, as Mr. SALOMONS enjoys the reputation of having some cultivation, we should very much like to know what he meant by this. Is he not mistaking the century, and attributing the sins of CHARLES the Second's time to the eighteenth century? It is true that the last century had its TOM BROWN and so forth, just as this has its REYNOLDS *et hoc genus omne*; but it should also be remembered that it produced some of the greatest and most refined works which have adorned the literature either of this or any other country. An age which has witnessed the efforts of ADDISON and of JOHNSON is not to be lightly spoken of as the producer of immoral literature; and, after all, we question whether even the preceding century has to blush for anything more immoral and indecent than a press which defends despotism, excuses murder, and systematically panders to the worst passions by furnishing its readers with all the details of every shameful drama which is unveiled before the courts of law. But even "literary parties" are apt to talk nonsense sometimes.

The inauguration festival of the Printers' Almshouses, at Wood Green, was quite a literary event; for (as LORD STANHOPE, the chairman, seemed to admit in his speech upon the occasion) printers are brethren—and very useful ones too—in the great family of letters. The selection of this noble Earl to preside over the meeting had a double significance; for not only has his Lordship given in his time much occupation to printers, but his father is affectionately remembered in the craft as an amateur printer of great ability. It is well known that the late EARL STANHOPE was a bibliophile of rare accomplishments; but it is not so well known that he pursued with the ardour of an enthusiast the manual business of a printer. As LOUIS XVI. was a locksmith, so was LORD STANHOPE a typo. The Stanhope press is to this day called after him, and he invented a new form of case, which, but for the difficulty of persuading men into changing an established custom, would have materially lightened the labour of the compositor. In the course of his speech LORD STANHOPE said something about the *over-cleverness* of printers, and told a good story of a "reader" who would insist upon following his own opinion, and thereby distorting the meaning of a passage. That is all very well; but our experience upon the press teaches us that authors have generally reason to be very grateful to the "readers," who are, generally speaking, a most intelligent body of men, and who bring to what is usually a very dull and mechanical description of labour an unusual amount of cultivation and intelligence. Most of the leading publishers were present upon this festive occasion.

Some literary men are clowns always, others adopt the character when they please. The latter sort are, of course, the wiser—and such are the members of the Fielding Club, who took their parts in the Amateur Pantomime. Some of our contemporaries have been very churlish about this innocent business, and have treated the gentleman pantomimists as if they had degraded themselves by condescending to rival Harlequin and Mister Merryman upon their own *terrain*. This is unfair. No such objection was taken last year, when the pantomime was for an

object which every one could sympathise with, and none such should be taken now. "He that is not a fool sometimes is a fool always," says a good old proverb; and to our thinking the Fieldingites have proved the adage that "it is good to be merry and wise." Ramour states that another performance of the Amateur Pantomime will shortly take place at Drury Lane, and that the proceeds will be devoted toward the establishment of a fund (to be called "the Fielding Fund"), whose object will be the relief of cases analogous to that which called for the exertions of the club last year. As the club includes among its members men who have a high and honourable sentiment for the dignity of letters, we trust that the administration of this fund will be limited to those cases only where the suspension of the reason removes the power of work.

While the Marriage Question is being so well ventilated in this country, it is apparently occupying public attention in Utah, the chief city of the Mormons. We have received a pamphlet written by J. PARLEY P. PRATT, "One of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and Chaplain to the Council of Utah Legislature," upon the subject of "Marriage and Morals in Utah," in which the doctrine of polygamy is openly and shamelessly maintained. A brief extract from this precious publication will suffice to show its tendency. After ransacking the Old Testament for authority to support his doctrine, and charging upon the monogamical system all the vices and evils of civilisation, this apostle continues:

What then, shall the righteous do? We reply—Restore the law of God—the new and everlasting covenant. Let every good citizen of both sexes marry at a proper age: bless them and say:—"Be fruitful and multiply." Make death the penalty for fornication and adultery—thus throwing a shield around our families and sacred domestic institutions. Let the monogamic law, restricting a man to one wife, with all its attendant train of whoredoms, intrigues, seductions, wretched and lonely single life, hatred, envy, jealousy, infanticide, illegitimacy, disease and death, like the millstone cast into the depths of the sea—sink with Great Babylon to rise no more. Let every man and woman be virtuous, pure, holy—filling the measure of their creation. And let us go to, and fill these mountains, the States; North and South America; the earth and an endless succession of worlds with a holy, virtuous and highly intellectual seed:—whose hearts shall delight in the law of God.

We are glad to observe a marked movement in the relations between the two parties to the labour-contract in this country. The Saturday half-holiday is spreading everywhere, and has even reached the Post-office, that region of incessant toil. Hitherto other labourers might rest; but there was no cessation for the post-office clerk. Men can do without many things, but not without their letters. However, the Postmaster-General has announced that, "so far as the public service will allow," a half-holiday on Saturday shall be granted to the *employés* at the Post-office. We are glad of it, and hope that the public service will be so contrived, by the engagement of a few extra clerks, or some such expedient, that the Postmaster-General will not be obliged to retract the conceded privilege.

Nothing could be more vague than Mr. HEYWOOD's motion for "measures for the advancement of science." BACON wrote an essay upon the Advancement of Learning, which embodied some very admirable suggestions in that respect; but Mr. HEYWOOD could do nothing but suggest that something should be done, though what that *something* might be he did not so much as condescend to explain. The School of Mines in Jermyn-street was a capital establishment, and the country is deeply indebted to Sir RODERICK MURCHISON and Sir H. DE LA BECHE: the British Museum is over-crowded; men of science "ought to have a better standing than they have at present;" and the Government should establish some order of merit. Such were the topics which the worthy member for North Lancashire and the Royal Society found to touch upon, and upon which he founded his motion that the House of Commons should do something. What on earth did he mean by suggesting that men of science "ought to have a better standing"? We never heard yet that they were refused any standing in society that they could acquire for themselves; and we certainly know of no social rule that represses or degrades them. SEDGWICK dines at Windsor *en famille*; OWEN is a familiar guest in high places; and WHEWELL is a practised courtier. What would you more, Mr. HEYWOOD?

The extraordinary exertions of the Crystal Palace Company are apparently meeting with their due reward, if we may judge by the crowds which flock down to Sydenham upon every great occasion. The Friday concerts are now regularly attended by more than six thousand persons; yet so admirable are the arrangements of the directors that every person in that large crowd can get within hearing of the platform, and the sound is well conducted to every part of the space set apart for the audience. The first flower show was a great success, for the collection of floral beauties was of first-rate excellence; and not even Chiswick, in its best days, could have boasted of such a display of elegantly-dressed ladies as was there assembled at the Crystal Palace. Great anticipations are excited about the *fête* on the coming 18th of June, and the grand display, for the first time, of the lower series of water-works. As the water towers seem only sufficient to supply the upper series for a display which lasts about ten minutes, we are puzzled to know how the new works, so infinitely greater in extent, can be adequately supplied. We have great faith in the resources of the palace; but we must confess that we shall be greatly surprised if this problem is satisfactorily solved. At Versailles (as our readers well know) the great works are exhibited one after another, and time is thereby given for the engines to pump up a fresh supply of water in the intervals; but when the whole are displayed at once, this is clearly impossible.

The plan for an art-exhibition at Manchester, to be held next year, is fast ripening into maturity. A guarantee-fund of 100,000*l.* is being subscribed for, and there is no doubt that it will easily be obtained. The Prince Consort, as the conventional head of these undertakings, has accepted what is called "a provisional patronage" in connection with it—which means, we suppose, that if it succeeds he will take all the credit, and that if it does not he will have nothing to do with it. But it will succeed. The idea of bringing an art-competition into the very centre of our manufacturing districts is too admirable to fail if well carried out; and, as Lancashire men are not proverbial for being bunglers, we warrant that they will succeed, either with or without the princely patronage. Manchester men have been noted for some time past as the most liberal patrons of art—in other words, for paying the best prices for works of art in this country; and therefore they have the best right to make their town the arena of a friendly contest, in which the art-creators of all nations may break a lance. We question if there are many artists who would not rather take a work down to Manchester than to Buckingham Palace.

The proposition for a National Portrait Gallery is, in itself, a move in the right direction; but some objections may be fairly taken to the manner in which it is proposed to carry it out. In the first place the vote of 2000*l.* is quite incommensurate with the object in view, if works of art at all worthy of respect are to be obtained; and, judging by past experience, we think that any money voted for that purpose ought to be entrusted to somebody whose position and whose judgment are such that, while the latter would inspire confidence in their taste, the former would repress them above the suspicion of jobbery. It appears that so far as the members of the Government are concerned it is only foreigners that are to be liberally dealt with. Sir C. BARRY is cut down in his estimates; Mr. ARCHER is diddled out of his patent; but Baron MAROCHETTI is to receive for his Scutari monument exactly twice as much as it could be executed for by an English sculptor. Some objection has been taken to the proposition for placing the National Collection of portraits in the new iron building at Kensington Gore, chiefly on the ground that it is too far distant from the centre of the metropolis. But Versailles (where is the National Portrait Gallery of France) is much further from the metropolis, and we never heard it objected to on that account. We cannot help asking, however, why, instead of having these isolated buildings, one containing one collection of public pictures and another another, we do not build a magnificent Temple of Art, a second Louvre, capable of containing all beneath one roof. We constantly hear comparisons instituted between the public collections abroad and those in this country, to the disparagement of the latter; but the fact is that, if our collections were really collected, we should be able, not perhaps to equal the magnificent display in the

Louvre, but certainly to make a very respectable show. Why not bring the National Gallery, the Vernon Collection, the splendid collection at Hampton Court, the Dulwich Gallery, the pictures at Greenwich and Chelsea, and finally the new National Portrait Gallery, under one roof? We should then have no reason to be ashamed of our national collection, but the contrary. Of course we are perfectly aware, that there are a hundred "insuperable objections" to this course—that there are vested rights and Acts of Parliament, and charters, and clauses in wills, to prevent it being done; but the broad facts are, that all these collections are intended for the public use—that, as they are at present situated, the public can only use them to a very limited extent—and that an Act of Parliament would effect that which would benefit everybody, whilst it would not do harm to any single human person.

But it is extraordinary how apathetic we English are upon these points. The *Times* asked the other day, What is the difference between the English and the French?—a question not easily answered. But assuredly there is a difference. To convince ourselves of this we need only consider the condition of the great places of public resort in or near the metropolis. In France the public lounges of even a provincial town are decorated with a luxury which is quite unknown to us; but with us it seems a rule that the more public the place, the more shabby and disreputable its condition. Take, for example, Richmond Hill. When a foreigner comes among us almost the first thing that he is told is that he must see the view from Richmond Hill. He goes, he sees, and he admires. It is perhaps a little too highly cultivated, yet 'tis a glorious view, worthy the pencil of CONSTABLE or of CLAUDE; but the appointments and decorations of the terrace are beneath contempt. Were this in France it would be supplied with a tessellated pavement, bronze railing, and decorative statues—things not very important in themselves, but which would certainly enhance the pleasure to be derived from visiting the place. But what is the fact? Is it not mean, insignificant, disgraceful? Two or three miserable benches of the commonest and most ungraceful form, and made of the most ordinary material. Instead of railings we have a common chain; and how fixed, think ye? Why,

fastened to the magnificent trees which crown and dominate over the view: each mighty bole has a great cicatrix in its bark, which proves too significantly that the iron hath entered into its soul. As if to supply an added ignominy to the degradation, we notice also that the trees have been mutilated, in order to afford a view to the houses of the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE and his neighbours, which have been built in their rear. It is the same thing in Hyde Park, the great promenade of London. There the seats, the barriers, everything is of the meanest description. When shall we learn to take a lesson of our neighbours in this respect?

Politicians have only just discovered that they have a bone to pick with America—a discovery which we made a very long time ago. But our bone is a very old one: no less than the international copyright question. We are glad to hear, upon such respectable authority as that of the *New York Criterion*, that this matter "has quietly settled itself." But how think ye? Why, by the fact that English publishers are beating the American pirates out of the field, establishing agencies, and by producing in America cheap reprints of their own works. This is what the *Criterion* very complacently terms "a practical international copyright." If this were really the case, very small credit would be due to the American publishers; but the fact is, that only a limited class of publications are so treated by the English publishers. It is true that Messrs. ROUTLEDGE and some others have agencies at New York; but the English publishers who issue the most expensive books have not. The *Criterion* states that the Standard Library of Mr. BOHN is imported into America by that publisher himself, and is sold at a reduced price, in order to prevent any rival reprint. We are not in a position to contradict this; but we very much doubt whether Mr. BOHN would act so unfairly by his customers at home as to supply Americans with his wares "at reduced prices." Such conduct would, it appears to us, be the very reverse of that high and honourable line of conduct for which he is so well known and respected in this country. We are glad to hear, however, that the cheap editions of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, and the course which some of the English periodicals are adopting in exporting large parcels to Ame-

rica, are having some effect in lessening the plunder of the pirates who have been accustomed to reap such harvests in the fair fields of English literature.

News from the East informs us that a new English paper is about to be established in Constantinople. Its conductor is Mr. Knight, already known to the public as the Crimean correspondent of the *Morning Herald*. It is stated that the English residents at the City of the Sultan regard the establishment of this emblem of western civilisation with great satisfaction. Mr. Knight is eminently fitted for the task which he has undertaken, from his knowledge of the Turkish language and of Eastern manners; of both of which he made excellent use when he lectured two years ago at the Turkish Exhibition, at Hyde-park Corner.

The publishers' lists do not promise many novelties. Mr. TRUEBNER announces the official account of the American expedition to Japan, to be followed by a volume of beautiful illustrations by WM. HEINE, the artist to the expedition. The same enterprising publisher will also produce an account of Dr. KANE's Arctic explorations in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. Mr. JELLINGER SYMONS, no longer able to obtain an audience through the periodical press, is taking refuge in a pamphlet, for the purpose of impressing his peculiar views upon the public. Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL announce some promising books of travel—notably, "A Vacation in Brittany," by C. R. WELD; "On Foot through Tyrol," by WALTER WHITE, the author of that charming book, "A Londoner's Tour to the Land's-End;" and a new work by BAYLE ST. JOHN, entitled "The Sub-Alpine Kingdom: Experiences and Studies in Savoy, Piedmont, and Genoa."

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## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*Memorials of His Time.* By HENRY COCKBURN. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1856.

LORD COCKBURN's account of himself is that he was born in Edinburgh, "or else at Cockpen," on the 26th of October 1779. His father was the Sheriff of the county of Midlothian, and afterwards became Judge-Admiral and Baron of Exchequer. His mother was Janet Rannie, one of the daughters of Captain Rannie, of Melville, and he affectionately testifies of her that she was "the best woman I have ever known." His most distant recollection was of his terror at the apparition of a peacock in one of the Cockpen walks, whilst he was still in petticoats. When eight years of age, he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh, then "notorious for its riotousness and severity." The master under whom he was placed was a pedagogue of the Busby school—one of those foolish and mistaken men who conceal their own inability to teach behind a furious and ungovernable brutality. The jurisdiction of the police magistrate, and sundry late cases in the Court of Queen's Bench have so nearly extinguished this race, that the following faithful picture of this particular specimen may not prove uninteresting.

The person to whose uncontrolled discipline I was now subjected, though a good man, an intense student, and filled, but rather in the memory than in the head, with knowledge, was as bad a schoolmaster as it is possible to fancy. Unacquainted with the nature of youth, ignorant even of the character of his own boys, and with not a conception of the art or of the duty of alluring them, he had nothing for it but to drive them; and this he did by constant and indiscriminate harshness. The effects of this were very hurtful to all his pupils. Out of the whole four years of my attendance, there were probably not ten days

in which I was not flogged, at least once. Yet I never entered the class, nor left it, without feeling perfectly qualified, both in ability and preparations, for its whole business; which being confined to Latin alone, and in necessarily short tasks, since every one of the boys had to rhyme over the very same words in the very same way, was no great feat. But I was driven stupid. Oh! the bodily and mental weariness of sitting six hours a day staring idly at a page, without motion and without thought, and trembling at the gradual approach of the merciless giant. I never got a single prize, and once sat *boobie* at the annual public examination. The beauty of no Roman word, or thought, or action, ever occurred to me; nor did I ever fancy that Latin was of any use except to torture boys.

From this school-room Draco, young Cockburn passed under the gentle rule of Dr. Adam, the learned author of the work on Roman antiquities, "a man born to teach Latin, some Greek, and all virtue," and then rector of the High School. Among the various reminiscences of these school-days we find it noted:—"Not one of the boys of my class has reached any great eminence, which, indeed, has been attained by only two boys who were at any of the classes of the High School in my time. These two were Francis Horner and Henry Brougham." Two splendid exceptions! Of both there are characteristic anecdotes. One of Brougham especially so. He dared to differ from his master, Luke Fraser, upon some point of Latinity.

The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge that he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday,

having had him pointed out to me as the "fellow who had beat the master."

Lord Cockburn speaks of his own school days as having been unprofitably spent, and it was apparently with no small feeling of delight that he was emancipated from the hated thralldom. In 1793 he was sent to the College of Edinburgh, where he studied under Dalzell for Greek, Finlayson for logic, and Dugald Stewart for moral philosophy. The sketch given of the last is valuable.

He was about the middle size, weakly-limbed, and with an appearance of feebleness which gave an air of delicacy to his gait and structure. His forehead was large and bald, his eyebrows bushy, his eyes grey and intelligent, and capable of conveying any emotion, from indignation to pity, from serene sense to hearty humour, in which they were powerfully aided by his lips, which, though rather large perhaps, were flexible and expressive. The voice was singularly pleasing; and, as he managed it, a slight burr only made its tones softer. His ear, both for music and for speech, was exquisite, and he was the finest reader I ever heard. His gesture was simple and elegant, though not free from a tinge of professional formality; and his whole manner that of an academical gentleman. Without genius, or even originality of talent, his intellectual character was marked by calm thought and great soundness. His training in mathematics, which was his first college department, may have corrected the reasoning, but it never chilled the warmth, of his moral demonstrations. Besides being deeply and accurately acquainted with his own subject, his general knowledge, particularly of literature and philosophical history, was extensive, and all his reading well meditated. A strong turn for quiet humour was rather graced, than interfered with, by the dignity of his science and habits. Knowledge, intelligence, and reflection, however, will enable no one to reach the highest place in didactic eloquence. Stewart exalted all his powers by certain other qualifications which are too often overlooked by



those who are ambitious of this eminence, and wonder how they do not attain it—an unimpeachable personal character, devotion to the science he taught, an exquisite taste, an imagination imbued with poetry and oratory, liberality of opinion, and the loftiest morality.

Edinburgh had indeed, at this period, great reason to be proud of the galaxy of philosophers which adorned the intellectual circles of her society. Lord Cockburn has something to tell of each member of the band, and always it is something interesting. He draws a noble portrait of old Adam Ferguson, the historian of Rome, and Stewart's predecessor in the Moral chair. His venerable appearance, his eternal furred coat (making him look "like a philosopher from Lapland"), and his vegetable diet, all are reproduced. The next in the gallery is Dr. Adam Black, the manner of whose death was so peaceful, that a bowl of milk standing upon his knee was not disturbed by the final throes. Then comes Dr. Henry the historian, who wrote to his friend Sir Harry Moncrieff: "Come out here directly. I have got something to do this week; I have got to die." Last in this brilliant band of philosophers come Dr. John Erskine and Professor Robinson. Well may Lord Cockburn have felt proud at having known these men. Young as he then was, the privilege was not thrown away upon him.

We knew enough of them to make us fear that no such other race of men, so tried by time, such friends of each other and of learning, and all of such amiable manners and such spotless characters, could be expected soon to arise, and again ennoble Scotland. Though living in all the succeeding splendours, it has been a constant gratification to me to remember that I saw the last remains of a school so illustrious and so national, and that I was privileged to obtain a glimpse of the "skirts of glory" of the first, or at least of the second, great philosophical age of Scotland.

The Speculative Society was then the debating school for the young Reformers of the day, and, though it scandalised the worshippers of the established order of things, "trained more young men to public speaking, talent, and liberal thought, than all the other private institutions in Scotland." At the time when Lord Cockburn entered the Society, the leading debaters of the Whig party were Brougham, Jeffrey, Horner, Lord Henry Petty (now Lord Lansdowne), and Lord Kinnaird. Old David Hume and Charles Hope headed the Tories, but were generally worsted by their young and vigorous opponents. Some of these young orators had attained at that time to the zenith of their powers.

Brougham, in particular, whose constitutional keenness made him scent the future quarry, gave his whole soul to this preparatory scene, and often astonished us by the vigour with which, even to half a dozen lads, he could abandon himself to his subject, and blaze as if he had been declaiming against Cicero in the forum. Moncrieff has improved very greatly since then; but Jeffrey, Horner, and Brougham were as good writers and speakers then as they have ever been since, and each in the very same style he afterwards retained.

The profession of liberal opinions at that time required an amount of courage not easy to be appreciated in these days. A state of things then existed, the description of which would excite incredulity if the facts could not be so readily verified. Slavery actually existed in Scotland; for in 1799 an Act of Parliament was passed (39 Geo. 3, c. 56) which enacted that "all the colliers in Scotland shall be free from their servitude," and the preamble of a former Act (15 Geo. 3, c. 28) states that "many colliers and salters are in a state of slavery and bondage." From this it is clear that the normal state of things in Scotland was very different from that which exists in the present day. It should be remembered, also, that the French Revolution had rendered liberal opinions very unpopular in this country; the infidelity of the French Republicans enlisted against them all the pious, whilst their violence frightened the timid; and Burke, with his dangerous eloquence, was enlisting all the sympathies of human nature on behalf of the threatened dynasties. In Edinburgh itself, tyranny, embodied in the Town Council, was triumphant: it was a perfect despotism of bailiffs and beaules. Lord Cockburn states that a party of inebriated bakers who had offended the head constable were shipped off to the navy, without warrant or trial of any sort. The public press (in any sense worthy of the name) did not then exist.

Nor was the absence of a free public press compensated by any freedom of public speech. Public

political meetings could not arise, for the elements did not exist. I doubt if there was one during the twenty-five years that succeeded the year 1795. Nothing was viewed with such horror as any political congregation not friendly to existing power. No one could have taken a part in the business without making up his mind to be a doomed man. No prudence could protect against the falsehood and inaccuracy of spies; and a first conviction of sedition by a judge-picked jury was followed by fourteen years' transportation. As a body to be deferred to, no public existed.

On the contrary, the people, led away by a false sense of their own interests and by the glitter of outward show, were never tired of praising those who tyrannised over them, and of riveting closer and closer the chains that bound them down.

In December 1800 Cockburn was enrolled among the faculty of Advocates, and entered upon that career by which he eventually rose to fame and position. His reminiscences which refer to that period are most of them naturally connected with the Bench and the Bar. It must be confessed that the men who occupied the former were more remarkable for the power of their intellects than for anything that was amiable or venerable in their characters; and when Lord Cockburn touches upon their vices with so gentle a hand we more than half suspect their peculiarities were not altogether uncongenial to him. There was Braxfield, dark, frowning, and terrible; a very Scotch Jefferys; cruel in his administration of the law, and insolent to the unfortunate. To a culprit who had defended himself with great ability, Braxfield said: "Ye're a vera clever chiel, man, but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hanging." A kindred spirit was Lord Kames, who, when the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" against Matthew Hay (who had frequently played chess with his Lordship), exclaimed: "There's the checkmate to you, Matthew!" and forthwith sentenced him to be hanged. Lord Eskgrove (whom Scott loved to mimic) was a drivelling old idiot. The eccentric and energetic Lord Hermand was, perhaps, the best of the lot; yet of him Lord Cockburn confesses that he was a votary of the bottle. Some of the best men among the junior members of the Bar were kept almost briefless, chiefly on account of their liberal opinions; and it was out of this want of employment for these powerful and active minds that that great organ of reform, the *Edinburgh Review*, arose. The first number of this appeared on the 10th of October 1802, and excited the most intense interest. Independence of thought was something so novel in those days, that in itself it was sufficient to excite curiosity; but, when united with real intellectual power, and adorned with all the graces of knowledge and genius, it became so attractive that not even the most prejudiced could entirely resist its charms. But, while we admire the great talents of the writers in the *Edinburgh*, let us be just, and remember that no small portion of its success was owing to the great business tact of Mr. Constable, the publisher, who, by a wise and liberal expenditure (after all, the best economy), knew how to attract and keep the very best writers who were to be procured. The prices which he paid his writers were at that time unknown in periodical literature. Lord Cockburn says that "Ten, even twenty, guineas a sheet for a review, 2000*l.* or 3000*l.* for a single poem, and 1000*l.* each for two philosophical dissertations, drew authors from dens where they would otherwise have starved." This was, indeed, the great secret of the success of the *Edinburgh*, and of the success which attended all Constable's undertakings. Humanity apart, he was too good a man of business to screw his authors down. Lord Cockburn gives sketches of some of the principal reviewers; but we can only quote the following shrewd summing up of the character of Sydney Smith:—

Smith's reputation here was the same as it has been throughout his life, that of a wise wit. Was there ever more sense combined with more hilarious jocularity? But he has been lost by being placed within the pale of holy orders. He has done his duty there decently well, and is an admirable preacher. But he ought to have been in some freer sphere; especially since wit and independence do not make bishops.

In 1803 all Edinburgh was seized with a martial frenzy, and the raising of volunteer corps was the order of the day. The anti-French mania was prevalent, and every profession bore its part in the patriotic task. The Lord Advocate of Scotland (Hope) was also lieutenant-colonel of a regiment; Brougham served the same gun

with Playfair; and Francis Horner shouldered a musket as a gentleman volunteer. Even little Jeffrey became a soldier for the nonce, and Lord Cockburn, the author of these memoirs, was a captain. A copy of the Lord Advocate's instructions to the regiment under his command, providing for all the possible contingencies of warfare, is here inserted, and may be consulted with great profit by all future commanders of volunteers. Walter Scott was one of the most zealous of these military gentlemen, and he has been described as slicing turnips with his sabre for practice, riding at them furiously, and shouting, "Cut them down, the villains, cut them down!" It was in 1805 that Scott's literary genius first began to be noted, when his name rose above the horizon in connection with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The Waverley novels did not appear until some years afterwards; but, as Lord Cockburn observes, these "wererather the outpourings of old thoughts than new inventions."

Of Scott's conversation and personal appearance we find some interesting details.

People used to be divided at this time as to the superiority of Scott's poetry or his talk. His novels had not yet begun to suggest another alternative. Scarcely, however, even in his novels, was he more striking or delightful than in society: where the halting limb, the bar in the throat, the heavy cheeks, the high Goldsmith-forehead, the unkempt locks, the general plainness of appearance, with the Scotch accent and stories and sayings, all graced by gaiety, simplicity, and kindness, made a combination most worthy of being enjoyed.

"Waverley" did not make its appearance until 1814; and it is well known that the authorship was for some time kept secret.

The speculations and conjectures, and nods and winks, and predictions and assertions, were endless, and occupied every company, and almost every two men who met and spoke in the street. It was proved by a thousand indications, each refuting the other, and all equally true in fact, that they written by old Henry Mackenzie, and by George Cranston, and William Erskine, and Jeffrey, and, above all, by Thomas Scott—Walter's brother, a regimental paymaster, then in Canada. But "the great unknown," as the true author was then called, always took good care, with all his concealment, to supply evidence amply sufficient for the protection of his property and his fame; inasmuch that the suppression of the name was laughed at as a good joke, not merely by his select friends in his presence, but by himself.

In May 1807 Cockburn pleaded his first cause in the General Assembly; in March 1811 he married, and set up his household gods at Bonaly in the parish of Colinton, close by the northern base of the Pentland Hills. His description of this rural retreat is charming:—

I began by an annual lease of a few square yards, and a scarcely habitable farm house. But, realising the profanations of Auburn, I have destroyed a village, and erected a tower, and reached the dignity of a twenty-acred laird. Everything except the two burns, the few old trees, and the mountains, are my own work, and to a great extent the work of my own hands. Human nature is incapable of enjoying more happiness than has been my lot here; where the glories of the prospect and the luxury of the wild retirement, have been all enhanced by the progress of my improvements, of my children, and of myself. I have been too happy, and often tremble in the anticipation that the cloud must come at last. Warburton says that there was not a bush in his garden on which he had not hung a speculation. There is not a recess in the valleys of the Pentlands, nor an eminence on their summits, that is not familiar to my solitude. One summer I read every word of Tacitus in the sheltered crevice of a rock (called "my seat") about 800 feet above the level of the sea, with the most magnificent of scenes stretched out before me.

Lord Cockburn seems to have preferred his rural retreat to Edinburgh, whose beauty, indeed, he did not estimate so highly as Scotchmen generally do. He refers to the cognomen of "The Modern Athens" as a foolish phrase, "a sarcasm, or a piece of affected flattery, when used in a modern sense." He speaks of the architectural taste of the day as being of the most puerile description.

Passing on to other topics, we come upon a disquisition upon trial by jury, especially referring to the English system of unanimity. Lord Cockburn, referring to this, says:—

It is odd that of all the tribes of mankind the habit has been tolerated in England alone. I believe it to be absurd; and that, whether a bare majority ought to be allowed to decide or not, always requiring unanimity is nonsense. Experience has not in the least diminished our Scotch aversion to it.

In answer to this, may we be permitted to a

how many of "the tribes of mankind" have the trial by jury at all?

In 1817, Mr. William Blackwood, the publisher, founded the magazine which has ever since borne his name. It was the endeavour of the Tory wits to make head against "the *Edinburgh*," and arose (so says Lord Cockburn) from "a natural demand for libel." The following criticism upon the merits of that publication, which has preserved for so many years one even tenor of excellence, is more just:—

This vice of offensive personality, which was flagrant at first, is the more to be lamented, that in talent and originality this magazine has been, and is, the best that has been published at its day in Britain. It has been supported by a continued succession of able men, who have covered it with contributions of great and inventive power; and, avoiding the lethargy which seems the constitutional malady of prolonged magazines, its thinking and writing have always been spirited. Its literary compositions and criticisms have generally been excellent. But it was set up chiefly as a political work; and in this department it has adhered with respectable constancy to all the follies it was meant to defend. It is a great depository of exploded principles; and, indeed, it will soon be valuable as a museum of old errors.

The celebrated "Noctes" are described as "a series of scenes supposed to have occurred in a tavern in Register-street, kept by one Ambrose," and as "a most singular and delightful outpouring of criticism, politics, and descriptions of feeling, character, and scenery, of verse and prose, and maudlin eloquence, and especially of wild fun. It breathes the very essence of the Bacchanalian revel of clever men."

The beginning of 1820 will be long celebrated throughout Scotland for the labour-battles at Glasgow between the operatives and their employers. These disturbances (with which the stomach had much more to do than the head) were wrested into evidence against the Radical party, and were cried up as proving the existence of a revolutionary spirit among the people, which the armed force alone could suffice to quell; and quelled it eventually was, though the means used to that end were occasionally very absurd. The Yeomanry Cavalry was marched into Glasgow, and the gentlemen of both Edinburgh and Glasgow formed themselves into a band for the preservation of order, under the title of "The Armed Association."

I repaired to the Assembly-rooms in George-street, with a stick, about eight in the evening. The streets were as quiet as on an ordinary Sunday; but their silence was only held by the excited to forbode the coming storm. There seemed to be nobody abroad except those who, like myself, were repairing to their forlorn hopes. On entering the large room I found at least 400 or 500 grown gentlemen pacing about, dressed coarsely, as if for work, and armed, according to taste or convenience, with bludgeons, fowling-pieces, dirks, cane-swords, or other implements. A zealous banker laboured under two small swivels set on stocks, one under each arm. Frivolity, though much provoked, and a good deal indulged in at corners, was repressed as unbecoming the crisis. At last, about ten p.m., the horn of the coach from Glasgow was heard; the Lord Provost sent us word from the Council Chamber that we might retire for the night. We never met again.

The fact was that the whole affair was a farce, and Lord Cockburn admits that "in about a fortnight every sane eye saw that the whole affair was nonsense."

In November 1824 "the great fires" of Edinburgh occurred. When the alarm was given that the Tron Church was on fire, the courts turned out, although it was scarcely midday, to witness the spectacle.

When it was all over, and we were beginning to move back to our clients, Scott, whose father's pew had been in the Tron Church, lingered a moment, and said, with a profound heave, "Eh, sirs! mony a weary, weary sermon hae I heard beneath that steeple!"

In September 1828 Cockburn visited Sir Walter at Abbotsford; and with his description of the great novelist, and his mode of life, we shall close our extracts from this amusing volume:—

No bad idea will be formed of Scott's conversation by supposing one of his Scotch novels to be cut into talk. It is not so much conversation as a joyous flow of anecdote, story, character, and scene, mostly humorous, always graphic, and never personal or ill-natured. His habits at this time were these: he rose about six; wrote from half-past six till nine—the second series of the "Tales of a Grandfather" being then the work; breakfasted and lounged from nine till eleven; wrote from eleven till about two; walked till about four; dined at five, partaking freely, but

far from immoderately, of various wines; and then, as soon as the ladies withdrew, taking to cigars and hot whisky toddy; went to the drawing-room soon, where he inspired everybody with his passion for Scotch music, and, if anxiously asked, never refused to recite any old ballad or tell any old tale. The house was asleep by eleven. When fitted up for dinner, he was like any other comfortably ill-dressed gentleman. But in the morning, with the large coarse jacket, great stick, and leathern cap, he was Dandy Dinmont or Dirk Hattrick,\* a smuggler or a poacher. Would that his money and his care had been given to a better subject than Abbotsford.

In 1830 the Whigs came into power under Lord Grey, and Cockburn was appointed Solicitor-General at the same time that Jeffrey was made Lord Advocate. Here the memoirs end. In taking leave of them, we may sum up the character of their author in one word—he was a Scotchman: in other words, he was an astute, clever man, with a disposition to rise and the faculty of availing himself of every circumstance that could in any way conduce to that end. Imbued with liberal views and with a very laudable desire for reform, his care for himself instilled into him that reasonable amount of caution which prevented him from doing anything rash. There is even perceptible throughout a tinge of admiration for the established order of things, even whilst he supplies facts which demonstrate their iniquity. This, perhaps, may be accounted for, if not excused, by the nature of his family connections. His conscience appears to have been squared rather with the law of the land than with the strict law of morality: as, for instance, when we find him referring with satisfaction to the acquittal of Helen Macdougall, the companion of the murderer Burke, "because there were some material doubts in her favour." Of Burke himself he says that, "except that he murdered, he was a sensible and what might be called a respectable man." Upon the vice of drunkenness, even among the judges of the land, he appears to have looked with a very lenient eye. For all this, however, his Memoirs are most valuable, and, apart from the general interest in the anecdotes which they contain, they may be taken for a faithful record of the state of society in Scotland at the latter end of the last century.

*Memoirs of the Duke of Sully, Prime Minister to Henry the Great.* A New Edition with Notes. In 4 vols. London: Bohn.

ONE of the most remarkable autobiographies that has been given to the world—and what form of narrative is so interesting? It is not always true, it is always partial; we are sure to have one-sided arguments, and facts concealed or coloured in accordance with the political, religious, or interested feelings of the biographer. Still it is a revelation of a human being—a mind laid bare before us—and there is nothing of more absorbing interest than that. Mr. Bohn has made a most acceptable addition to his Standard Library in these memoirs of Sully; and we suggest to him that a series of autobiographies would be very attractive. John and Leigh Hunt published such a series many years ago, which proved very popular, and now is not to be had even at the book-stalls. Some twenty or thirty might be procured. Another popular addition would be a selection of the best French memoirs.

## RELIGION.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE learned and ingenious author of "The Dark Ages, a series of Essays," has recently published two new essays on important subjects: the one entitled *Superstition and Science: an Essay*, by the Rev. S. R. MAITLAND, D.D., &c. (London: Rivingtons), and the other *False Worship: an Essay*, by the Rev. S. R. MAITLAND, D.D., &c. (London: Rivingtons). Of these two works we feel no hesitation in pronouncing that the former is by no means worthy of the writer's well-earned reputation, while the latter will do much to establish and extend it. Never, in fact, have we met with such an instance of the inequalities of genius. Here are two books by a writer of whom literature is in many ways justly proud, issued at an interval of a few weeks from each other; and, while one of them abounds in deep learning and curious speculation, at the same time that it arrives at definite conclusions, the other is flimsy and trashy in the extreme—indefinite, inconclusive, and consequently unsatisfactory. The Essay on *Superstition and Science*, while it promises a great deal

\* This is not the only instance in which Lord Cockburn betrays ignorance about the works of those friends whom he mentions. Could it be possible to imagine two characters more dissimilar than honest Dinmont and the ruffian Hattrick? If the antithesis means anything, it is evident that the bluff farmer must stand for the poacher.

from its title, deals almost exclusively with the subjects of clairvoyance, table-turning, and spirit-rapping. It commences with a complaint that the author has not been able anywhere to meet with a correct definition of the word *superstition*; but he does not supply us with one himself. Indeed, he says that several years ago he "had been asked to write the article on 'Superstition' for an encyclopedia," adding, "I did not undertake to do it; but the inquiry and reflection to which the proposal gave rise, while it convinced me that I was not qualified for the task, led me to believe that nine-tenths of the readers for whom the article was to be prepared derived no clear idea from the word, and did not precisely know what they meant when they called men or things superstitious." It is a pity that the present essay will not do much to enlighten us; for the writer goes on from this to talk in a most discursive manner about Reichenbach's ghost-stories; then he inflicts a castigation upon the *Christian Observer* a propos of a review that it contained upon the subject of Mesmerism; next he attacks *The Zöist* for its mode of dealing with spirit-rapping; and, finally, he attacks Professor Faraday on the score of a lecture "On Mental Education" delivered by him at the Royal Institution. After all this fault-finding Dr. Maitland gives us no definite conclusions of his own. All that we can gather from him is, that some very startling facts have been vouched for by credible witnesses with respect to table-turning and such like matters, and that it will not do for us to pooh-pooh them. His argument from the example of the Americans, "that they do not possess the 'smartness' for which they have credit, if tens of thousands of them have been taken in for years by such shallow devices," is the most impotent that could be imagined; for were they not taken in to their hearts' content by the pious Barnum with Tom Thumb and Joyce Heth, not to mention the mermaid and the woolly horse? In conclusion, not to waste words, we must express our belief that the admirers of Dr. Maitland will be very seriously disappointed with the present essay.—On the other hand, the essay on *False Worship* will, if we are not much mistaken, meet with a very cordial reception—of course we mean from the class of readers qualified to appreciate the author's learning and critical ability. Dr. Maitland is of opinion that in the antediluvian world there was no *false worship*, strictly so called. Indeed, he goes even farther, and says that, "except the sacrifices of Cain and Abel, the records of the antediluvian world furnish no account of any thing which we should include in the idea of divine worship, or adoration paid by man to the Supreme Being." His reasons for the latter opinion are not to us quite satisfactory. He then proceeds "to explain and establish the grounds of his belief that the foundation, in this case, was the sin of the angels—in fact, that the first false worship was introduced by them, and that they were themselves the first objects of it." The "Sons of God," he contends, who took wives of the "Daughters of Men," were veritable Angels, and not, as some will have it, the descendants of Seth. The offspring of these marriages were the "Giants," who, it might be supposed, became extinct at the deluge. But is it not probable that the giant blood may still have been continued in some of the family of Noah, through one or more of his sons' wives? "In the history of later times, we read that 'Og, King of Basan, remained of the remnant of the Giants'; and still later, of 'Isbibi-benob, which was of the sons of the Giant'; and he sees 'no reason why Isbibi-benob may not have been personally and lineally descended from 'the Sons of God,' whosever they may have been.' Assuming then, upon what he believes sufficient grounds, that the "Sons of God" were Angels, and that it was to them the first false worship was paid, Dr. Maitland examines into the nature of "their sin and punishment." To give even a summary account of this would lead us too far, and for the rest we must be content to quote the headings of his chapters. These are: "The Abyss—Spirits in Prison;" "Leviathan;" "Daemonical Possession;" "Pagan Doctrine of a Supreme Being;" "The Nature of False Worship;" "The Worship of Angels;" "Women in Relation to False Worship;" "Fascination;" "Isaiah, iii. Ezek. xiii.;" "The Moral Character of Jewish Women;" "Children in relation to False Worship;" "Healing;" "Oracles." In treating of these several subjects, Dr. Maitland sheds considerable light upon many obscure passages of Scripture, and, even when he fails to carry conviction to the mind of the reader, he nevertheless pleases by the ingenuity of his criticism. The text is followed by a mass of notes, culled from various sources, in support of the author's hypotheses. These notes will also well repay the perusal of the curious reader.

*The Two Antichrists; or, Infidelity and Romanism, viewed in their relative Bearings, and traced to some of their leading Sources and practical Results.* By the Rev. J. DAVIES, D.D., Hon. Canon of Durham, &c. (London: Seeleys).—Dr. Davies's work commences with the trite axiom that "extremes meet," and is principally occupied in proving that Romanism is the natural parent of infidelity. Both, he says, are in "direct and manifest, and frequently avowed opposition to the progress of true religion, as revealed in Holy Scripture. Hence they may be justly regarded



as respectively falling under the designation of Anti-christ."

*Heaven on Earth; or, Interviews with the Risen Saviour, including his Ascension: being a sequel to the "Voices from the Cross."* By the Rev. JAMES GRIERSON, D.D. (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter).—This work traces the history of the Saviour from his resurrection to his ascension, dwelling minutely upon each fact recorded by the holy Evangelists. It distinguishes carefully between each of the interviews held by Christ with his disciples, and concludes with a solemn warning to the reader to prepare himself for the second coming of Christ, as his Lord and Judge, if not as his Saviour.

*A Chapter on Liturgies: Historical Sketches.* By the Rev. CHARLES W. BAIRD (New York, U.S.). With an Introductory Preface, and an Appendix, touching the question, "Are Dissenters to have a Liturgy?" By the Rev. THOMAS BINNEY (London: Knight and Son).—"Is Saul also among the prophets?" And do we find in an American Presbyterian and an English Dissenting minister two staunch advocates for set forms of prayer? This is a question naturally arising from the publication of such a volume as that before us. It shows that conscientious Nonconformists are ill at ease with respect to their present lax mode of conducting public worship. We do not say this, as some no doubt will, in a spirit of party triumph. Indeed, we sympathise with Mr. Binney when he says, "I am ready to confess that I have felt, under the solemnity and awfulness of the ever-recurring public duty, as if I should occasionally have been glad if I could have fallen back on the partial use of some liturgical assistance." But Messrs. Baird and Binney are not the only Nonconformists that have felt this want. Dr. Cumming and the Duke of Argyll have expressed themselves in somewhat similar terms. What is desired, it seems, is some prescribed form of common prayer, in which the whole congregation may join, but which at the same time shall not preclude the use of the extempore prayers at present in vogue among Dissenters. "The signs of the times," says Mr. Binney, "indicate dissatisfaction with the state of worship prevalent amongst us—worship properly so called. They show a yearning for something deeper and richer than what we have—deeper devotion and richer song—something, too, in which the people shall take a prominent and active part, not in psalmody only, but in supplication; in which they shall be called vocally to utter some portions of the Church's common prayer, so that, by audible repetition and appropriate response, and other modes of united action, they shall feel that they positively do pray, as well as listen to another praying." There is so much truth as well as common sense in this that we trust our Dissenting brethren may be induced to take the matter into their serious consideration. It is the object of the present volume to show that in adhering to their present method of extemporaneous praying exclusively, Dissenters, and especially Presbyterians, depart from the primitive usages of their fathers. John Knox authorised a set form of prayer; so did Calvin; so did the French and Dutch Reformed Churches; so did the English Presbyterians, when having proscribed the Book of Common Prayer, they introduced the Directory for Public Worship; and so finally did the illustrious Richard Baxter in his Reformed Liturgy. Mr. Baird gives an interesting historical sketch and analysis of the several formularies thus authorised; and we quite agree with him in thinking "that the documents, here gathered for the first time, are worthy of careful preservation; that the facts, which relate to the authorship and history of these ancient formularies, have their importance, and claim a place in the records of the Presbyterian Church." We cannot conclude without observing that while Mr. Baird dwells upon their importance to the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Binney, both in his preface and appendix, recommends them to the careful consideration of English Independents.

From the consideration of prayers for public worship we pass to those for family devotion, and have much pleasure in calling our readers' attention to the following: viz., *Prayers for Families.* By the Rev. SAMUEL KING, M.A., Vicar of Cantley, Yorkshire. With Introduction by the Rev. JOHN KING, M.A., Incumbent of Christ's Church, Hull (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.).—This is a very small volume, containing prayers for a fortnight; also for Advent, Christmas Day, Good Friday, Ascension Day, Whitsunday, and Trinity Sunday. We cannot characterise them better than in the words of the author of the introduction, as "plain, simple, Scriptural, and adapted to the common wants and feelings of mankind; remote from everything fanciful on the one hand, or cold and unimpressive on the other."

*A Voice from the Desert; or the Church in the Wilderness. In two Parts.* By the Rev. ROBERT SIMPSON, D.D., Sanquhar. (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter) is a record of the lives, services, and sufferings of the most remarkable of the Scotch Conventicle ministers and their hearers. The first part embraces the ministers, and the second the hearers. Most of the individuals whose lives are here recorded are scarcely known, even by name, to the Southern reader. They live, however, and will for ever live, in the memory of their countrymen at the other side

of the Tweed, as noble souls who insisted upon their right of worshipping the Creator in the manner most in accordance with the dictates of their own conscience, and who, many of them, bore testimony even to the death as to the truth and strength of their convictions. "One of the objects which the author had in view was to point out the kind of doctrine and the peculiar sort of preaching which were employed in the conventicles. . . . Another object was to describe the localities in the wilderness where they preached, and to collect all the incidents of every kind peculiar to those localities, and any new thing respecting the preachers themselves. He has selected ten of the leading conventicles, parts of whose discourses have been transmitted to us. He has traversed the moorlands, and followed them step by step in their sojournings from place to place, in their preaching to the children of those solitary places; and collected everything of interest he could find." In the second part of the work, the author, as he informs us, has gathered together a number of traditions, probably the last that can now be collected, "as the traditionary field in the south and west of Scotland is now nearly exhausted." From what has been stated it may be fairly presumed that persons interested in the history of the Cameronians will derive much information from Dr. Simpson's volume.

### SCIENCE.

*A Description of a Skeleton of the Mastodon Giganteus.* By JOHN C. WARREN, M.D., &c. Second Edition. Boston: John Wilson and Son. London: Trubner and Co.

THE Palæontologist will for many reasons welcome with great delight a new edition of Dr. Warren's great work on the Mastodon giganteus, but principally because he is thereby enabled to study the matured and confirmed opinions of the man who above all others is best acquainted with this species of fossil mammal. The book presents itself as a well got-up thick quarto volume, enriched with about forty lithographs, illustrative not only of the M. giganteus, but also of the M. angustidens and Elephas primigenius, with the latter of which the M. giganteus is compared. The volume, as a specimen of the skill and art with which the publishers can perpetuate the scientific researches of their countrymen, certainly does them great honour.

We call to mind that the Greeks expressed their notion of a ponderous volume by the title saying, μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν, which although we generally most willingly adopt, yet we assert that such sentiment is inapplicable to the volume before us; in fact, it is not only a notable exception to the saying, but the style and manner in which it is produced compel us to state with all the emphasis we possess that it has raised much higher our notions of American powers of book production. We observe, however, that the paper on which the work is printed, though very white and of good quality, does not, on account of its being manufactured from cotton, bear a favourable comparison with the general run of printing paper in this country. This observation may seem unimportant and perhaps impertinent; yet it is one we feel bound to make, notwithstanding what we have before stated in praise of the getting up of the volume. So much for the book; now for its contents.

The subject of the volume is, as its title imports, a description of the skeleton of the gigantic Mastodon of North America, a species of an extinct genus of gigantic pachydermatous proboscidean mammals, which in every age and in every clime has been superstitiously considered under various names, such as Behemoth, Leviathan, Mammoth, &c. &c. The term Mastodon is, as our readers are probably aware, the name given to the genus by the immortal Cuvier, its founder, on account of the peculiar mammal or nipple form of the molar teeth.

The researches of science have extended so far that not less than nearly thirty distinct species of Mastodon have, up to the present time, been accurately described in works of authority, by naturalists whose knowledge precludes the possibility of either a confusion of species, or a reference of two individuals of the same species to different species. If then the species were so numerous, and we assume that each species was represented by a liberal number of individuals, it will be vain for the most fertile imagination to idealise the state of the world during the Mastodon era. We, however, well recollect to have read, in Winterbottom's History of America, some extravagantly absurd hypotheses, by which the aboriginal inhabitants of that continent accounted for the existence and extinction of these

formidable brutes. Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," which refer to the Indian tradition of the extinction of the gigantic bison or buffalo, have by some been erroneously supposed to relate to the annihilation of the Mastodon.

The following is a list of the species of Mastodon, as proposed by different authors, which we give as a valuable addition to science:—

1 M. Giganteus, formerly called Oboliticus	12 M. Intermedius
2 — Tetracaulodon	13 — Dubius
3 — Andium	14 — Sivalensis
4 — Humboldtius	15 — Perimensis
5 — Angustidens	16 — Australis
6 — Longirostris	17 — Turicensis
7 — Arvernensis	18 — Cuvieri
8 — Tapiroides	19 — Jeffersonii
9 — Minutus or Minor	20 — Borsonii
10 — Latidens	21 — Godmani
11 — Elephantoides	22 — Collinsonii
	23 — Chapmani

To which must be added the sub-division of the species Tetracaulodon into

T. Tapiroides	} Proposed by Professor Grant.
— Osagii	
— Kockii	
— Haysii	
— Bucklandii	

The learned Doctor has discoursed scientifically on most of the above species, and, although in so doing he has departed from the strict title of his work, yet he has greatly conduced to the value of such work, by putting his students in possession of all the valuable information known respecting them. Amongst the great mass of his observations he states that the M. tapiroides is said to form a link in the chain connecting the Dinotherium and M. giganteus, a statement which, if supported by fact, is of the greatest value and importance to the palæontologist.

Of the M. angustidens of Cuvier, which is of greater antiquity than the M. giganteus, there have been found fossil remains, but of few parts in comparison with those of the M. giganteus; as, however, the former are met with in various parts of Europe and Peru, and were, until examined by Cuvier, confounded with the M. giganteus, we warn our readers against a like confusion of genera. The molar teeth of the M. angustidens, like those of the M. giganteus, are studded with conical points, more or less numerous; but they are distinguished by the cones being more or less deeply grooved, and by their apices being sometimes terminated in numerous little points, and sometimes accompanied with other smaller cones, either on their sides or in the grooves; in consequence of which mastication at first produced several little circles on their crowns, and subsequently trefoils or figures with three lobes, but never lozenge-shaped. This latter circumstance has, however, caused their confusion with the teeth of the hippopotamus; but these never have more than four trefoils, whilst the mastodon has commonly six or ten. Further, in comparing the teeth of the M. angustidens with those of the great mastodon, the former are narrower in proportion to their length than the latter, and hence is drawn the specific character of the M. angustidens.

The mastodon was once considered to be of the same species as the Siberian mammoth, but it is now decided that they are of distinct genera.

In nearly every respect the M. giganteus appears to have borne a near resemblance to the elephant. In height, however, it did not exceed that animal; but it was somewhat longer, and had larger limbs, though with a smaller belly. It fed, like the hippopotamus and hog, upon roots, soft vegetables, and aquatic plants, which induced it to seek for nourishment in marshy places, the soft and yielding soil of which commonly gave way under its enormous weight, and thus buried it and so caused its death. It could not, however, like the hippopotamus, live and swim about in the water, its habits being entirely terrestrial. In confirmation of what is above stated as to the food of the mastodon, it may be observed that, among some bones found in 1805, M. Pinchon, Consul-General of France in the United States, noticed, enveloped in a kind of sac, a mass of half-masticated twigs, grass, and leaves, among which was found a species of reed then, and probably now, common in Virginia. This sac being considered to have been the stomach, it was not doubted that those substances had been eaten as food by the animal. Again, Dr. Prime, of America, who was present at the exhumation of the M. giganteus, the subject of our present review, describes the following appearance: "In the midst of the ribs embedded in the marl, and

unmixed with shells or carbonate of lime, was a mass of matter composed principally of the twigs of trees broken into pieces of about two inches in length, and varying in size from very small twigs to half an inch in diameter. There was mixed with these a large quantity of finer vegetable substance, like finely-divided leaves—the whole amounting to from four to six bushels. From the appearance of this, and its situation, it was supposed to be the contents of the stomach; and this opinion was confirmed on removing the pelvis, underneath which, in the direction of the last of the intestines, was a train of the same material, about three feet in length and four inches in diameter. It appears that soon after this discovery was made, the side of the excavation fell in, and enveloped these substances in such a way that only a small portion of them could be preserved. Such portion was, however, examined by the microscope, and was found to present the aspect of the terminal branches of coniferous trees. In connection with the bones of other species of mastodon, have been found half masticated reeds, grass leaves, coarse vegetable stems, and films resembling chopped straw, or rather drift-stuff of the sea, it appearing to be mixed with broken fibres of conferva, like those of the Atlantic shore. These facts, independent of the dental system and corporeal bulk of the mastodon, seem satisfactorily to prove that the mastodon was a vegetable feeder, and subsisted on the same kinds of food as do the elephant, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros of our own time; but that, as the branches of most forest trees would have been too dry and woody to serve for its chief food, it was compelled to resort to bogs, rivers, and lakes, into which it was, as we have just stated, frequently betrayed to enter so far as to become enveloped in the yielding mass. Hence it has happened that so many of the remains have been found embedded in lacustrine deposits.

An important fact as to the external covering of the mastodon is, that with the remains, hair in large quantities has been discovered. Thus it is recorded that with the bones of one fossil, hair three inches long and of a dun colour was found; and with others have been discovered locks and tufts of hair of a dun brown, of an inch and a half to 2½, 4, and 7 inches in length. These statements accord with Adams's description of the fossil elephant discovered in Asiatic Russia in 1801, with which is said to have been found more than thirty pounds weight of hair and bristles. This covering was of three kinds, viz.—bristles of a black colour and stiff, and a foot or more in length; thinner bristles, or coarse flexible hair of a reddish brown colour; and a coarse reddish brown wool, which grew among the roots of the long hair.

In describing the skeleton the learned author has conveniently used the anatomical terms of the homological system, following, in this respect, Professor Sismonda's description of the bones of the head of the *Dusina Mastodon*. The cranium of the *M. giganteus* is of a flattened form, its longitudinal much exceeding its vertical diameter. In front of the teeth are the rounded anterior extremities of the sockets of the tusks, which are much thinner here than at the superior part of the tusk cavity. The anterior opening of this cavity is eight inches in diameter, and is formed entirely of the premaxillary bone.

The condyloid and coronoid processes of the lower jaw are nearly equally elevated; but the coronoid is slightly lower than the other, in which it resembles that of the elephant, and differs remarkably from that of the tapir, hippopotamus, fossil elk, and especially from carnivora.

The dental system of the mastodon is a subject of much interest, the form, number, and structure of the teeth having materially assisted in distinguishing the different species and their habits. The teeth of the *M. giganteus* are two on each side of each jaw, making in the whole eight teeth. The outer edge of those in the upper jaw projects beyond that of the lower; consequently detrition has taken place on the outer edge of the lower dental surface and inner edge of the upper. The direction of the teeth and that of their alveoli is obliquely forwards. All of them being tight in their sockets, their crowns are alone examinable. Those in the upper jaw, taken together, are eleven inches long on each side; those in the lower rather more. They measure transversely nearly four inches. The posterior tooth in the upper jaw has four ridges and a posterior eminence or heel. The ridges are each subdivided

into mastoid processes; and a single posterior mastoid eminence terminates the longitudinal line of division separating the other processes.

The anterior tooth has two transverse furrows, making three ridges, which are subdivided by the longitudinal line into six nipples. Those of this tooth are very much worn, in some parts of them an inch being worn away, exhibiting the internal bone or dentine of the tooth. The thickness of the enamel is about the eighth of an inch.

The molars are largely pronged, and not solid masses as in the elephant.

The tusks, anatomically considered, are incisor teeth, enormously developed. In modern elephants they attain the length of six feet or more, not being generally of such magnitude as those of the mastodon, the external length of which attained nearly nine feet. We may add that some tusks have been discovered from 7 feet to 10 feet 6 inches long. Their curve also varies much, some being nearly straight, others a little curved; and in a very large tusk found with the skull at Philadelphia, the curve had nearly acquired a semicircle. The molar teeth of the lower jaw correspond nearly with those of the upper.

The spine, including the cervical, dorsal, lumbar, and caudal vertebrae, is minutely discussed by the learned author. A number of the caudal vertebrae were not, however, found with the skeleton.

The pelvis is an enormously massive structure, a part of the bones being very thick and strong. Its upper portion, though less excavated, more nearly resembles the human than does that of most other animals; but the lower part differs in having no sub-pubic arch.

The thorax has a rounded or barrel-like form, flattened above at the vertebral column—its anterior opening is two feet long from above downwards, and one foot across. The ribs are 20 in number, 13 true, and 7 false. The length of the first rib is 28 inches, the ninth rib 54½ inches, and the twentieth rib 21 inches.

The length of the base of the scapula is 36 inches; its anterior edge 33; and its posterior edge 30, including the glenoid cavity. The circumference of the neck, above such cavity, is 26 inches. The length of humerus is 39 inches; its greatest circumference 80½ inches; its smallest 18 inches. The length of the radius is 29 inches; the breadth of its carpal extremity 6½ inches; and the circumference of the elbow-joint 44 inches.

The shaft of the os femoris is 17 inches round its smallest part; at its largest 30 inches. The trochanter is constituted by a mass 16 inches long, and 12 inches across. The entire length of the tibia is 28 inches, and that of the fibula 26 inches.

The following are the additional dimensions of the skeleton:—

	ft.	in.
Height before lowering the head	12	0
Height after ditto	11	0
Length from face to tail	17	0
Circumference round ribs	16	5
Length of tail	6	8
Length of trunk	10	3
Length of head from the occipital condyles in a straight line to anterior edge of tusk sockets	3	2
Tusk, entire length	10	11
Tusk, depth of socket	2	3
Tusk, external length	8	8

Thus, although the *M. giganteus* was about the usual height of a modern elephant, yet the former exceeded the latter animal by a comparative length of four feet.

We have cursorily given the principal dimensions of the skeleton of this enormous brute without any episode or speculations, the Doctor having confined this portion of his work to a concise detail of scientific measurements, skilfully and lucidly arranged. Towards the conclusion of his work there is given a full description of the Baltimore skeleton, of the skeleton of the Cambridge mastodon, and of the Shawangunk head.

The following interesting account of the discovery of the mastodon, the subject of our review, we quote in the Doctor's words.

The spot where the skeleton to be described was found is situated in a small valley, of three or four hundred feet in length, now destitute of wood and shrubs. On the hills rising from each side are a few trees, but none of great age. In the midst of this valley was a small piece of water, about thirty or forty feet in diameter when I saw it. The ground immediately surrounding is wet and swampy, so that the cattle, as they wander about, are occasionally

entrapped and mired. Under this watery collection lay the bones of the mastodon, scarcely covered by the soil and a few feet of water, and there almost on the surface of the earth they had remained undisturbed for unknown ages. This spot belonged to the farm of Mr. N. Brewster, whose house, as well as the public road, is at a very short distance. The summer of 1845 had been unusually dry, many small lacustrine deposits were exposed by the drought, and their contents removed to fertilise the neighbouring fields. The spot above described, though usually covered by a small quantity of water, had been left dry (an occurrence never known before); and Mr. Brewster, wishing to avail himself of its contents, had employed a number of labourers to remove them. The men had dug through a thickness of two feet of peat bog, a layer of red moss about a foot thick, and then fell upon a bed of shell-marl. After raising about a foot of this they struck on something hard, and a question arose whether it was a rock, a bone, or some other substance. Night approaching, it was necessary to remit their labour until the following day. Mr. William C. Brewster, the son of the proprietor, and Mr. Weeks, his son-in-law, with assistants, in the presence of a large number of persons, neighbours and travellers, proceeded to examine the object of their curiosity. The stroke of a spade brought up a portion of bone; and every one was then willing to believe they had discovered the last retreat of one of the ancient mastodon inhabitants. The labour of exhumation then proceeded rapidly, and the part struck was ascertained to have been the summit of the head. This being uncovered disclosed to the eyes of the spectators the full extent of the cranium, which was four feet in length. The lower jaw was distorted a little towards the left side. The bones of the spine, tail, pelvis, and ribs, were successively found, for the most part, in their natural relation to each other. The anterior extremities were extended under and in front of the head, as if the animal had stretched out its arms in a forward direction to extricate itself from a morass into which it had sunk. The posterior extremities were extended forwards under the body. The tusks lay with their convexities outwards, their anterior extremities opposed to each other nearly meeting, and thus the two tusks taken together described a large part of a circle. At the end of the second day's labour, the whole of the skeleton had been obtained with the exception of the posterior part of the sternum, a few bones of the feet, and a number of the caudal vertebrae—some of which were recovered afterwards. The bones were in an almost perfect state of preservation. They were not black, like most of the mastodon bones, but of a brown colour, like those of a recent human skeleton which had been in use a considerable time. It is worthy of remark that no mastodon bones but those belonging to this individual, and no other bones excepting two or three of animals recently entrapped in the mire, were found in this deposit. The skeleton, having been extricated from its muddy bed, was deposited in the stable of Mr. Brewster, and after being cleaned and dried, the bones were ingeniously articulated by Dr. Prime, a scientific physician in the vicinity. They were then exhibited in the city of New York, and in a number of New England towns, for three or four months, after which they came into my possession. When the skeleton was first seen by me I perceived that some changes in its arrangement were necessary; and, being very much engaged in my course of anatomy, I requested the aid of my friend Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, a gentleman equally remarkable for his knowledge of comparative anatomy and his mechanical ingenuity. He kindly and readily undertook the details of disarticulating and re-arranging the bones—a work which was happily and successfully completed after an unremitting labour of nearly four weeks. The principal changes were the depression of the head, in consequence of which the height of the skeleton was diminished; an increase in the curve of the spine so as to elevate the middle dorsal vertebrae much above the anterior, and thus to give to the dorsal portion of the vertebral column the form of an arch, with an upward convexity and downward concavity; a change in the position of the tusks, so that their convexity, instead of looking outwards, was directed downwards and backwards, their concavity forwards and upwards. After the skeleton had been satisfactorily arranged, it was exposed for three days to scientific persons, and such other individuals as had the curiosity to examine it. It was then removed, to be again set up at the request of the distinguished geologist Sir Charles Lyell, who happened to arrive in Boston at that time. Before being once more dismounted, it was examined by Professors Horner and Wyman, and by the illustrious philosopher, Professor Agassiz. It has since been set up under my direction, by Mr. Ogden, with important improvements, and is now deposited in a fire-proof structure erected for its reception in Chestnut-street, Boston.

So much as to the discovery of the skeleton of this stupendous brute. The narrative has all the appearance of truth, it is probable in its details, is unromantic, and coincides with the present state of palaeontologic science.

The fossil remains of the mastodon occur in all



parts of the tertiary formation—a formation most interesting to mankind, from the fact that many of the fossil animals found therein, especially in the upper part of it, are identical with existing species, such as limnæans, planorbis, palludina, valvata, &c. An apt illustration of this position is to be found in the close relation shown by the learned Doctor to exist between the *M. giganteus* and the modern elephant. Science, in fact, teaches that with the tertiary era, but before what is called the diluvial detritus was scattered, before the elephant and hyena were destroyed in northern climates, and before the paleotheria had become extinct, a new variety of land mammalia appeared, and the mastodon, rhinoceros, and ox came into being.

The deepest fossil, *M. giganteus*, has, on the authority of Sir Charles Lyell, been found in the loam existing in the eocene or lower tertiary of the Mississippi region.

Although paleontologists agree that the mastodon disappeared not very long anterior to the introduction of man upon earth, yet it may be that the human form divine and the mastodon were coexistent. Some proof in support of such an hypothesis may be found in the following passages on the Behemoth contained in the ancient Book of Job, chap. 40, which seem particularly applicable, and may be referable to the mastodon. We are induced to quote them because they are not referred to, so far as we are aware, in any paleontological work. "Behold the behemoth which I made with thee (clearly proving that man and the behemoth were coeval): he eateth grass as an ox. Lo! now, his strength is in his loins, and his force is in the navel of his belly. He moveth his tail (the word tail may, according to commentators, be read trunk, as the original word is equally applicable to either extremity) like a cedar. His bones are as strong as pieces of brass: his bones are like bars of iron. Surely the mountains bring him forth food, where all the beasts of the field play. He lieth under the shady trees in the covert of the reed and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow: the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not: he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth." This quotation, it is submitted, may describe and refer to the mastodon, especially as there are many reasons to suppose the elephant, the only animal to which it is generally supposed to relate, was not intended. We, however, admit that, although the date of the embedding of the fossil remains of the mastodon is extremely modern, geologically considered, yet it is impossible to say with certainty how many thousands of years may have elapsed since the race became extinct, but certainly very many.

The occurrence of fossil remains in all parts of the world shows that the mastodon was universally distributed. They have been extensively found in North and South America, in Europe and in Asia. The *M. giganteus* has lately been found on the banks of the Swan River, Australia. It is remarkable that scarcely any bones have been found in America east of the Hudson River; the same remark being also true of the fossil remains of the *Elephas primigenius*. So far as discovery has yet shown, a place called Newburgh, on the river Hudson, about 70 miles from New York, and 175 miles from Boston, seems to have been the favourite resort in North America of the mastodon race. The Great Buffalo Lick (as it is called by the Indians from the buffaloes and deer resorting there at particular seasons to lick the earth and water from the salt springs) and the far-famed Salt or Big Bone Licks of Kentucky are in North America the great charnel-houses which contain the largest store of mastodon remains. In the licks the bones occur on the surface, mixed with common soil.

It is, however, worthy of remark that, though fossil remains of the *Elephas primigenius* are found both in America and Europe, yet this extraordinary difference exists, that in Europe the bones of the mastodon are much earlier than those of the *Elephas primigenius*, the latter existing altogether in alluvial deposits; but in America the bones of the latter are met commingled with those of the *M. giganteus*, thus establishing that in the western hemisphere both genera of mammals might have had, and no doubt did have, coincident existence.

As stupendous remains like the bones of a mastodon could not fail to attract attention, they have been observed and philosophised upon in every age. Old writers, who saw in everything

the traces of a general deluge, almost invariably attribute such and the like remains to have belonged to humanity. Thus, so late as 1656, in the Museo di Mascardi, a tooth of the mastodon genus is figured, and stated to be the tooth of a giant; and subsequently, in 1681, Grew, in his "Museum Soc. Reg." names another "the petrified tooth of a marine animal."

It is a fact gratifying to Englishmen that the first printed account of the existence of the mastodon in America is to be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, Vol. XXIX. p. 62, which states that, in 1706, a grinder, weighing four pounds and three quarters, together with a supposed femur, seven feet long, probably belonging to a *Mastodon giganteus*, were supposed to have once formed a portion of a human body—a supposition which induced Governor Dudley, while descending upon those bones, to quaintly remark: "I am not perfectly satisfied of what rank or classis the fellow was, for Goliath was not half so many feet as this fellow was ells long."

After Governor Dudley, most philosophers who have studied the earth's history, including the great names of Blumenbach, Cuvier, Humboldt, Silliman, and Owen, have scientifically studied the fossil bones of the larger mammals, and by so doing have ascertained their true history, and so have created the capital, if we may use the expression, the right use of which has enabled the learned author to produce the great bulk of the volume now under review. The speculations as to the disappearance of the mastodon from the earth's surface we prefer to give in the Doctor's language:—

The cause of the disappearance of the mastodon seems to be mysterious. We are naturally disposed to believe that an animal of so large a size, of so great strength, and such extensive distribution in various parts of the earth, must have required some great and general catastrophe to overwhelm and annihilate it. The mystery diminishes on noticing that a great number of animals scarcely less remarkable than the mastodon have also disappeared. Among them are the *E. primigenius*, the *Sivatherium*, the great Saurians, the *Zeuglodon Cetoides*, &c. These, however, may be thought to have existed at a period so remote as to have been subject to other laws than those which now regulate the surface of our globe, and, of course, before the existence of man. Such a supposition may perhaps be admitted by some geologists; while others are of opinion that the causes now in constant operation are sufficient to explain the wonderful phenomena of geology and paleontology. The recent annihilation of a great number of species enables us to realise more fully the changes which are going on in the animal creation. For example, a considerable number of animals have been swept off from the British Isles during the historic period. Among these are the bear, the wolf, the elk, &c. Even in America, during the comparatively short period of its history, species have vanished, and others are following them. The beaver, formerly so generally spread over the whole country, is now only to be found in remote regions. The deer and the moose are disappearing in the same manner. The buffalo is very much diminished in numbers, and must ere long be extirpated. In other parts the dodo and the dinornis have perished within the last two centuries, and the apteryx is undergoing the same fate. These animals have fallen by the hand of man. But many species are constantly perishing from natural and inevitable causes; such, for example, as extensive inundations, earthquakes, volcanoes, and the action of the winds. Various species undergo a gradual extinction by changes which deprive them of their accustomed food; and finally, others seem to die out from unknown causes. We have no means of determining, at present, which of these causes have destroyed the North American mastodon. Vegetation appears to be the same as when the latest of the mastodons lived; since we find in the skeletons of these animals evidences of food derived from plants which are still existing. Nor is there any reason to believe the climate may have undergone any remarkable alteration at the period of their destruction, or that the winds or floods have had an agency in accomplishing it. Notwithstanding, therefore, the possibility of conceiving many causes which may partly account for the destruction of the mastodon, we cannot point out any one adequate to the annihilation of the whole race. The period during which the study of the earth's interior has been successfully pursued is too limited, and the facts collected are too few, to enable us to come to any satisfactory conclusion on this subject; and we must content ourselves with the hope that those who follow us may gradually discover the secret springs which have regulated, and will continue to regulate, the extinction of ancient, and the production of new species of the animal creation. The subject is one of the highest interest, and is well calculated to elevate our ideas of the Almighty Being, who, as it were before our eyes, yet in a way

unperceived by us, is able to accomplish incessant changes in the animal creation, by which countless individuals and species are disappearing, and others are rising to supply their places.

We have now completed our lengthy review of Dr. Warren's splendid work, and, in justice to the talented author; we record our considered opinion that it has earned for him the thanks and best wishes of scientific men. To say that he has advanced the science of paleontology, although saying a great deal, is not saying enough; for he has, by his knowledge, and by a liberal and unselfish use of pecuniary means, not only excited the interest and admiration of all those whose studies or investigations render the possession of his work a necessity, but has, with great pains and skill, gathered together a mass of valuable facts so replete with accurate detail, that we predict that his work will be unanimously received as "the Mastodon text book." In conclusion, we heartily hope that the learned Doctor will continue his interesting investigations, and by so doing be enabled, if possible, to fully develop the conditions under which the *M. giganteus* lived and reigned.

We notice that the first edition of Dr. Warren's work was distributed to universities, learned societies, and individuals, chiefly through the Smithsonian Institution. Why, we emphatically ask, have we not a similar institution in this country? Surely, if in America such a society is successful, why is such an one not founded in England? This is another instance in which we may with humility follow America, and in furtherance of science place copies of standard works in the hands of our learned men, if not without cost, certainly at a very small one. We have made the suggestion, and trust it will be fully developed and utilised.

*British Poisonous Plants.* By CHARLES JOHNSON, Botanical Lecturer at Guy's Hospital. Printed by Taylor and Francis for the Proprietor, John E. Sowerby.

A VALUABLE and wanted book. The constant recurrence of accidental poisoning, arising from the ignorant use of poisonous herbs, has rendered the publication of a work like this a matter of absolute necessity. Mr. Johnson has executed his task very creditably; and the best way that the public can testify their gratitude to him and at the same time do themselves a service, is by losing no time in procuring his book.

The full and accurate descriptions here given of every poisonous plant in the British Flora, illustrated by excellent coloured plates, transferred from Sowerby's "English Botany," render ignorance upon this topic for the future absolutely criminal. The only improvement that we can suggest for the second edition of the book is the addition of those poisonous fungi, which, being mistaken for mushrooms, do an infinite amount of harm.

*The Ferns of Great Britain.* Illustrated by JOHN E. SOWERBY. The Descriptions, &c., by CHARLES JOHNSON, Esq. London: John E. Sowerby.

THIS is a reprint of Johnson and Sowerby's valuable monograph of British Ferns, published last year. By leaving the plates uncoloured, Mr. Sowerby is enabled to issue it at a cheaper rate than the earlier copies, from which, with this exception, it does not differ in any particular. In a letter which accompanies this volume, Mr. Sowerby explains that he has been driven to this course by the conduct of a "Religious Society," in issuing a volume of ferns, in which very free use was made of his illustrations. As Mr. Sowerby's letter is accompanied by an extract from a letter of the "artist" of the society, admitting the plagiarism, and as Mr. Sowerby has since been paid for his permission to continue the publication of the book, there can be no doubt about the facts. Only we must say that the "Religious Society" appears to have forgotten for the moment that very important among religious duties, honesty.

## EDUCATION.

*Carr's History of Greece* (Simpkin and Co.) has reached a third edition. It has been again enlarged and improved, and is now beyond compare the best history of Greece that could be employed for educational purposes.

*Practical Perspective*, by R. Burchett (Chapman and Hall), is the most complete work on this subject that has come before us. The writer goes to the very elements of the science, and by gradual steps conducts the student to its summit. In this way its difficulties are surmounted almost unconsciously. Mr. Burchett, moreover, possesses the faculty of clear speaking; he conveys his meaning in language easily understood—a great and rare merit in teachers.

The second volume of *Quintilian's Institutes of Oratory* has been added to "Bohn's Classical Library." This volume treats of the education of the orator. For our own part, we believe that oratory cannot be taught by any book, nor learned from any rules. First there must be the natural faculty for it, and then practice. All the books that ever were written on this subject will not supply the place of either.

### MEDICINE.

*The Book of Health, with practical Remarks on Parentage, Infancy, Food, Diet, Labour, Recreation, Sleep, Bathing, Clothing, Air, as causes of Ill-health, &c.* By LAROT SUNDERLAND. English Edition (Towgood). London: William Horsell, 492, Oxford-street. 1856.

*Illustrated Medical In-door Gymnastics or a System of Medico-Hygienic Exercises, &c.* By MORITZ SCHREBER, M.D., Director of the Medico-Gymnastic Institute at Leipzig. Translated from the Third German Edition by HENRY SKELTON. With 45 woodcuts. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1856.

*Pneuma-Therapia; or the Use of Pure Oxygen and other Gases, shown to be easy of application, strictly in accordance with Pathological Science, and particularly efficacious as Medicinal Remedies in various intractable Diseases.* London: 46, Regent Circus, Piccadilly. 1856. (No author's name.)

THERE is a sort of honesty, or rather *bouhommie*, in the first of the three above slender volumes with large titles, which is rather surprising, considering the quarter of the world it proceeds from, and that it does not seem to be fathered by any regular medical practitioner either in its native country or in England. The *Book of Health* professes to give golden rules, in laconic, homely, and popular language, under various heads, for the preservation of health, one great object of the author being "to diffuse universally among the people the right kind of information which shall stay the overwhelming tide of evil"—the squandering annually, by those who are or fancy themselves "sick," millions for patent medicines! "We might congratulate ourselves," adds the writer, "if, indeed, health could be procured in this way; for even to one individual, however poor, good health is worth more than millions of gold; and if this inestimable treasure could be found in a bushel of patent pills or powders, all the riches of earth might be given in their purchase; but, alas! drugging does not lessen the number of invalids."

From this it is evident that the intention of the little volume is legitimate; and its publicity may be fairly encouraged by a notice in our pages. The English editor would wish that, along with other suitable books, it should be put into the hands of the young, and supplied to district schools. The subject of health should form a part of every course of education; the pupil should be examined in respect to the laws of life; for what is education without health? There is not, Mr. Towgood says, in reference to this volume, so complete a summary of the laws of health in the English language. It is calculated to impart that kind of knowledge which tells you how to live, how to avoid pain, how to be happy, and how to render others so.

This great work the author has endeavoured to accomplish by means of about thirty-two short sections on as many important subjects connected with health. It is but simple justice to say that so much useful and valuable information and so many available hints could not have been conveyed in a clearer, though concise and popular style. On the subject of "intoxicating liquors" we find the following curious experiment quoted in reference to tea, which we do not recollect seeing in print before, although we have ourselves made experiments with nearly an equal result with solid extract of green tea leaves. The author declares that neither tea nor coffee should ever be taken into the stomach, for they are poisonous.

#### EFFECTS OF TEA.

Dr. John Burdell, a distinguished dentist of New York, informs us that he boiled down a pound of young hyson tea, from a quart to half a pint, and ten drops killed a rabbit three months old; and, when boiled down to one gill, eight drops killed a cat of the same age in a few minutes! Think of it. Most persons who drink tea use not less than a pound in three months; and yet a pound of hyson tea contains poison enough to kill, according to the above experiment, more than seventeen thousand rabbits, or nearly two hundred a day. And, if boiled down to a gill, it contains poison enough to kill 10,860 cats in

the same space of time! Dr. Burdell made similar trials with coffee and black tea, and found the results nearly the same.

Now, if an American writer on health had addressed himself to the scourge of his country, the "apparently chronic thirst of its inhabitants," as the *New York Times* has it—which states that drink appears to be the chief end in life in America—he would have found a more important theme for his denunciation than in either tea or coffee, which are never intoxicating. How much, indeed, must the American people stand in need of such a monitor as the *Book of Health*, if what the newspaper just named has recently told us is a correct picture of the mores Americani? "Every sentence a man utters must be moistened with a julep or a cobbler. All the affairs of life are begun and ended with drinks. Is a project of any importance to be started, the first word is 'Let us go to the Astor and talk it over.' So the capitalists leave their quiet offices, where one would suppose business would be more easily transacted, and betake themselves to a reeking bar, where they stupefy themselves with liquor fearfully and wonderfully made. The old formula of salutations, such as 'How d'ye do?' &c., seem to be entirely banished from the American vocabulary. When men meet, the greeting of 'What will you take?' supplies the place of all other phrases of courtesy. It is the same with all merchants, students, authors, editors, stevedores, loafers, men of 'elegant leisure,' actors, artists—all tend towards the bar-room as inevitably as matter tends towards the centre of the earth. Brandy, like death, extinguishes every error and veils every resentment." The pernicious consequence of such habits on the population of New York is fearfully depicted by the same authority.

Number two in the present article is another of the helps to health. Dr. Schreber, finding that callisthenics and gymnastics are the order of the day with some classes of society, supplies them with a simple system of what he calls medico-hygienic exercises, requiring no mechanical or other aid. By this exercise, which may be accomplished by the young of both sexes under suitable management within doors, our physical motive powers, which require but the exercise of our will to be put in action, afford, through this rational development and use, the means of protection from a thousand inconveniences, and they will be found to contribute essentially to the removal of inconveniences already existing.

Dr. Schreber treats his subject under the heads of *curative gymnastics* and *hygienic or sanitary gymnastics*—the former as a remedy, the latter as prevention; and both definitions are comprehended in the term *medical gymnastics*. He assumes that muscular motion is the most natural agent by which those parts of the blood that are no longer useful, and the accumulation of which in the body would cause disease, can be got rid of more readily; and he enumerates many other distinct benefits to be derived from certain daily and well-regulated movements of the muscles, rather than from simple walking exercise. Those movements the author proceeds to specify, and minutely to describe—illustrating each by a diagram, or the outline of the human figure, representing the particular evolution to which the several parts of the body are to be subjected. These evolutions amount to forty-five in number, and they appear to us to be well calculated, from their simplicity and ease, to accomplish the end in view. They are preceded by some "general rules," which seem judicious, and should be well studied by the reader intending to adopt the system, before he proceed to execute any of the evolutions.

Not the least curious part of this curious book is the last, in which the author gives what he has termed "prescriptions for special cases." These consist not in medicinal drugs or pharmaceutical applications, but in combinations of particular evolutions to meet the nature of the case to be cured or benefited by them; and, as each evolution is marked by a number, the "prescription" consists in ordering in a combined order those which are necessary to be performed, and how often they are to be repeated. Thus, for example, "A prescription for the relief of *undue affluence of blood to the head and chest*" consists of evolutions:—

- No. 16 (30, 40, 50 times.)
- " 17 (20, 30, 40.)
- " 18 (12, 16, 20), for boys.
- " 25 (4, 6, 8.)
- " 26 (6, 10, 16), not to be practised by females.

And so on to eleven other evolutions. . . If, after the performance of these evolutions, their powerful relieving effect, recognised by the warmth of the feet, &c. &c., is in any particular case not considered sufficient, the simplest way is to resort to the plan of beating the feet. For this purpose you take a short stick or piece of wood, and strike the soles of the shoes alternately, till the feet begin to tingle. This is the best and an infallible remedy for obstinate coldness of feet.

*A quelque chose tout est bon*, and a *bastinado*, it seems, is not an exception to the proverb.

We are unwilling to consider the third slender volume, named at the head of the present article, as being more of an enlarged advertisement, by an anonymous company, of a patented apparatus to administer oxygen gas to patients, than a treatise on the merit, scope, and value of such an application. Pneumatic medicine takes us back to Dr. Beddoes and the earlier years of Humphrey Davy. It had its day, and was found wanting. Perhaps the failure arose more from the difficulty of devising cheap and commodious contrivances for administering graduated doses of vital air to the afflicted, than from any inherent inefficacy of the gas. If so, the seventy-five pages we are thus noticing in passing may be found to supply information which to such as are desirous to revert to *Pneuma-therapia* will prove useful. They refer to a newly invented apparatus for the easy application of oxygen and protoxide of nitrogen under proper medical superintendence, as an additional aid to medical treatment in disease, such as *scrofula*, *dyspepsia*, *gout*, *rheumatism*, *cholera*, *nervous* and *typhoid* fevers.

*On Unsoundness of Mind, in its Medical and Legal Considerations.* By J. W. HUME WILLIAMS, M.D. London: J. Churchill. 1856. 8vo.

*The Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology.* By FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., D.C.L. New Series. No. 11. April 1856. Quarterly. London: J. Churchill. 8vo.

*Theory of the Influence Exerted by the Mind over the Body, in the Production and Removal of Morbid and Anomalous Conditions of the Animal Economy.* By JOHN GLEN, M.A. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Co. 1855. 12mo.

THE last-named of these publications shall be first noticed, inasmuch as we cannot better prepare ourselves for the consideration of what has been denominated *unsoundness of mind*, or understand more readily the phenomena of *mental pathology*, than by studying the theory of that mysterious influence which all must acknowledge to exist between the mind and the various functions of the body. This is a large subject indeed, one which has occupied the attention of some of the greatest luminaries in speculative philosophy, not less than in physiology, for many generations past, and which will continue to engage the consideration of all such as take an interest in the natural history of man—for the subject is inexhaustible. Of the truth of these assertions we have a proof in the prize essay (for such is No. 3) now before us. The subject propounded in person by one of the first and most philosophical Romancers of the day—himself an enthusiastic psychologist—to a class of ardent and youthful students in moral and physical science in the land of the Stewarts, the Playfairs, and the Brewsters, was not likely to drop unheeded to the ground. The glove thrown into the arena of intellectual competition by a Bulwer, in his address as their honorary president to the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh on the 18th of January 1854, surrounded by many eager aspirants for future rank in science, was sure to be caught up by more than one daring spirit. Hence the present "essay," to which the prize was awarded, and which its young author modestly designs to be "the first effort toward a solution of the thesis propounded by the Senate of the University of Edinburgh, on the suggestion of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and not the definitive and final settlement of the inquiry."

The question itself is treated briefly, without much affectation of learning, but with sound logical deductions, and almost with the precision of analytical geometry. The essay consists of only three chapters, in the first of which the different inquiries connected with the union of mind and body, and the method of the present inquiry in particular, are alluded to. We have, in the second chapter, some general remarks on the influence of mind, with a statement of the law of the definite influence exerted by certain manifestations on bodily textures, and an in-



investigation of that law; and, in the last chapter, which is, properly speaking, the development of the propounded thesis, we are instructed on the subjects "of the influences of love, hope, and confidence, as well as of the effects of suppression or absence of love, hope, and confidence." Moreover, we read much valuable matter on "the tendency of a life, or fits only, of excessive apathy, emotion, and attention, to produce correspondingly morbid habits of body." It is especially this branch of the thesis which Sir E. Bulwer Lytton contemplated when he propounded its subject thus:

#### BODY AND SOUL.

We live longer than our forefathers, but we suffer more from a thousand artificial anxieties and cares. They fatigued only the muscles; we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves; and, when we send impatiently to the doctor, it is ten to one but what he finds the acute complaint, which is all that we perceive, connected with some chronic mental irritation, or some unwholesome inveteracy of habit. Here, then, the physician, accustomed to consider how mind acts upon body, will exercise with discretion the skill that moral philosophy has taught him. Every one knows the difference between two medical attendants, perhaps equally learned in pharmacy and the routine of the schools: the one writes in haste the prescription we may as well "throw to the dogs;" the other, by his soothing admonitions, his agreeable converse, cheers up the gloomy spirits, regulates the defective habits, and often, unconsciously to ourselves, "ministers to the mind diseased, and plucks from the memory a rooted sorrow." And the difference between them is, that one has studied our moral anatomy, and the other has only looked on us as mere machines of matter, to be inspected by a peep at the tongue, and regulated by a touch of the pulse. And in order to prove my sense of the connection between moral and metaphysical philosophy and practical pathology, and to pay a joint compliment to the two sciences for which your college is so pre-eminent, I here, as a personal favour to myself, crave permission of the heads and authorities of the university to offer the prize of a gold medal for the current year, for the best essay by any student on some special subject implying the connection I speak of, which may be selected in concert with the various professors of your medical schools and the professors of metaphysics and moral philosophy.

We cannot conceal from our readers that in the most abstruse part of the question there runs a vein of allemannic metaphysical spirit, which renders the diction not quite as clear as the arrangement of topics is symmetrical and intelligible.

Doctor Williams reproduces in his present volume (the second in our list) certain essays which have at intervals appeared in the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science*. Their specific subjects are of the utmost interest—not that they have not been treated on before by others, since they form part of all general treatises on insanity, but because newer and more plausible views are brought forward concerning them, from which medical men and medical jurists will derive much valuable information. *Monomania* is one subject; *moral insanity* another; and a third is *impulsive insanity*. We find, besides, a preliminary and a concluding essay of a more miscellaneous character, which will be read with no less interest.

Under the head of *Monomania* reference is made to certain conditions of the mind, which because they appear to differ from the more ordinary state of thinking men, who conform themselves to the received regulations of society, its habits, and its customs, have received particular denominations. Hence we have first "Eccentricity," which, however, must not at once be confounded with unsoundness of mind, since it often accompanies originality of thought, the most convincing evidence of superior intelligence.

It cannot be denied that in all countries where intellectual activity has been awakened, one of the most powerful agents in the wise direction of human events is the tendency of original thought to differ from general opinion. When living, as it were, in advance of their age, master-minds have disregarded those narrow bounds within which *routinism* would restrain the most splendid genius. Universally it will be found that the greatest triumphs of the human mind have been accomplished in direct opposition to the current of general opinion, and that public thought in one age is not unfrequently but the echo of solitary meditation in that which had preceded it.

Next comes "Delusion," which Sir J. Nicholl has defined "as a belief of facts which no rational person would have believed;" amended by Lord Brougham into "a belief of things as realities which exist only in the imagination of the patient." Allied to "Delusion" is "Genius" often. Its connection with insanity is investigated by

Dr. Williams, and cases brought forward in exemplification. "Hallucination" is next alluded to, and its association with monomania discussed. Lastly, we find "Religious Fanaticism" dwelt upon as causing insanity, and the nature of "Hypochondriasis" investigated.

In treating of "Moral Insanity," in his third essay, the author emits his opinion and original view of "Conscience," as distinguished from reason; of the original deficiency of moral sense; of incidental perversion of moral faculties; of universal disorders of moral faculties; of moral faculties partially diseased; of "Cleptomania," "Pyromania," and, lastly, of "Erotic Mania."

But our space will not admit of our following up this analytical notice of Dr. Williams's volume to its close. Enough has been stated to show how pregnant with interest and importance are the various matters treated in it; and we may conscientiously add, that they are treated in a manner and language demonstrative of high philosophical education and logical acuteness on the part of the author.

The name of the editor (Doctor Winslow) of the journal mentioned in our list at the head of this article, is so often and laudatorily quoted in Dr. Williams's book, itself dedicated to that editor, that we may be dispensed from stating our opinion of the great value which attaches to a periodical record of psychological medicine and mental pathology issued under the immediate superintendence of the Vice-President of the Juridical Society. Dr. Winslow has achieved a reputation as a philosophical writer and practitioner in mental diseases, which we may without hesitation place above that of all his contemporaries engaged in similar investigations. The present, being the second number of a new series of the old *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, rendered necessary with the view to many alterations and improvements on the former series, is replete with original and highly interesting matter; and, like all its predecessors since their first appearance in 1848, constitutes a repository of the literature of insanity and medical metaphysics, for which in this country we might have looked in vain amongst our many medical writers had it not been for Dr. Winslow's indefatigable zeal and love of his profession. The eight volumes of the former series have been represented by a competent critic as being "rich in sterling contributions to medical science, so admirable in method, and so fascinating in style." The commencement of the new series brings additional proofs of the editor's energy, learning, and vast experience in the consideration of the often intricate questions in connection with the abnormal condition of the human mind. Among the improvements introduced in the new series is a correspondence from the leading psychological physicians in foreign countries, and the publication of articles on the medical, moral, and judicial treatment of the insane with reference to the organisation of lunatic asylums. These additions have rendered the journal doubly valuable; nor is the highly interesting quarterly retrospect of psychological facts and questions with which each number is prefaced to be passed over in silence. It seems to excite an interest in, and extend the knowledge of, that important department of medical science and philosophy which it is the persevering aim of Dr. Winslow to rescue from neglect.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*A Summer in Northern Europe; including Sketches in Sweden, Norway, Finland, the Aland Islands, Gothland, &c.* By SELINA BUXBURY, Author of "Life in Sweden," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. pp. 619.

*The Red River Settlement; its Rise, Progress, and Present State, with some account of the Native Races and its General History to the Present Day.* By ALEXANDER ROSS, Author of "The Fur Hunters of the Far West." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 416.

*Travels in the Sandwich and Society Islands.* By S. S. HILL, Esq., Author of "Travels in Siberia," &c. London: Chapman and Hall. pp. 428.

*The Island of Cuba.* By ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT. Translated from the Spanish; with Notes and a Preliminary Essay, by J. S. THRASHER. London and New York. pp. 397.

Miss BUXBURY is a lively, graceful, good-tempered, indefatigable, well-informed, and clever traveller. She is not learned; she does not bore

her readers with disquisitions on art or architecture; she does not transcribe figures from the guide-books for a show of accuracy; she will not pause to determine the precise height of a tower or width of a river; but she gives you a vivid transcript of the impressions made upon her own mind by the places, persons, and objects that most attracted her attention. Hence a book more amusing than profound, more for present reading than future reference; a book to be enjoyed with the season, or, if the season is too crowded with other pleasures, to be put aside carefully for perusal during those duller days when the world, weary of excess of gaiety, seeks to recruit health and strength at the spa or by the sea-side. The *Summer in Northern Europe* introduces us to a more intimate acquaintance than has yet been made with divers places made famous by the incidents of the late war. It is, in fact, a continuation of the "Life in Sweden," and describes the spring and summer in those regions. We take a few passages:—

#### THE MIDNIGHT DAY.

It was, if I recollect aright, at a post-station named Hyby—a hamlet on a hill—that we stopped near to midnight on the 22nd of June, the night before Midsummer's Eve, for post-horses which were not in waiting. In these stations a room for travellers is always open, in which are usually two beds. One or two reasons prevented me from trying their qualities, so while Friherrinan did so I remained sitting in our open carriage. I was in silence and solitude, our skjuts had gone away, the half-awake woman that had arisen from sleep at our call was asleep again, the Baroness was in balmy slumber beneath some slippery sort of things that formed all the coverings of the "post-bed;" but, unless poetically, they had not

Left the world to darkness and to me.

Wonderfully beautiful was the midnight hour passed at the door of that dark, dirty, miserable post-station. Deep in the west lingered the red glow of the sunken sun, but twilight was not around us; the pale pure light was clear and soft; not the least movement stirred the air. I sat in the carriage, read a little, just to say I had read at midnight without artificial light—threw the book on the opposite seat, and contemplated the scene. In that short space of time, while I had read a psalm in our prayer-book, the red clouds seemed to have shifted from one quarter of the heavens to the other. Red clouds came streaking all the sky—broken wavy lines, grey, blue, red, and white; and lo! the day was dawning ere the day had closed; the sun was rising ere we could say the sun had fully set. It was Balder's festival; Light was triumphant. Not even a mosquito—bitter, biting pest of the north—winded its terrible horn; it was the festival of Balder the Mild, the God of Nature—even mosquitoes abstained from cruelty and bloodshed.

#### THE MIDSUMMER MAYPOLE.

But while I am writing all this, there is standing near to the inn at Leksand an object which is really more interesting to myself, and may be so to some of my friends, than the great Gustavus Wasa. That object is a Midsummer pole—a Maypole we should call it in Old England. It is as tall almost as the fir-trees, and wreathed from top to bottom with leaves and flowers. There goes the dance round that pole all the long Midsummer evening; and in the field wherein it stands the old games of the people still go on. It is a droll sight to see the great strong women, in their enormous, high-heeled wooden shoes and immensely thick short petticoats, with legs of no slight circumference cased in scarlet stockings, capering about in the polska. It always reminds me of the frisking cows one sees dashing about in the meadows on a hot day. The men, in long white coats, leathern girdles, conical broad-rimmed hats, and long lank hair, hanging low at each side of the face, and cut square at the ends, are usually of great weight also—a fine, tall, powerful race; but they do not look so odd waltzing as their partners do, with their flat, square-shaped waists, and vast solidity of form.

But travelling in Sweden has one grievous discomfort, usually supposed to be exclusively the plague of more tropical regions.

#### THE MOSQUITOES.

But here, in this room of the Mora inn, there was no loud blast of a trumpet sounding from its four quarters in my terrified ear; there was a scarcely perceptible murmur which made one listen and look around and feel nervous, somewhat as one might do in a house that was said to be haunted. Then a tingling sensation—here—there—everywhere, over one's flesh, causes a start; the window-blinds are thrown open—and the room is dark, actually dark with mosquitoes; the air—the little air that could be in it—was thick. If I had breathed hard I must have inhaled multitudes. Well! I suppose the good people of Mora inn believed I was mad; but I could not help it; and those who saw me the next day were not surprised at my conduct. I know not how it comes to pass that the natives scarcely mind being bitten. Friherrinan would show me a bite like a recent spot of the smallpox. It was seldom she got one, and

it was small and soon well; but my bites inflamed into great fiery-red swellings a full inch in size; and then—from some fancy, perhaps, for foreign blood—they would eat me alive while they let her sit beside me unassailed. The patience of Job I had not; but in one of his afflictions I resembled him. A curious circumstance is that the bite of the mosquito does not inflame till it is touched; but unhappily I could not refrain from the touch, and from head to foot I was a mass of red angry boils—a sight the most hideous to behold, and afflicted with torments most irritating to feel. I rushed from the inn of Mora to the Prestgard, to the infinite amazement of all the inhabitants of the former, who assembled in a body to endeavour to comprehend the cause of my half-frantic state; and, on discovering it, with an awkward attempt to keep from laughing, assured me I might return with safety at night, for they would get birch-rods and switch the marauders to death. A slaughter of several millions did take place by means of birch-twigs; but alas! a million or two lurked in ambuscade, and, discretion being the best part of my valour, I ran away and took refuge with the parish priest of Mora.

Religious liberty exists in name only, not in fact. The law does not permit freedom of opinion on such subjects.

There is a very stringent part of the State and Church law here, which acts against those guilty of "contempt of God," an offence that holds a prominent place in the criminal code of Sweden. But it is curious enough to see how this wide expression "contempt of God" appears in general to be restricted to contempt of the religion and Church of Sweden. Mockery of its service or of its clergy, irreverent or indecent conduct in its churches—nay, even openly-expressed dissent from its faith, its practice, its commission, fall under the head of "contempt of God." In Sweden they do not pray only to be delivered from "false doctrine, heresy, and schism"—the law prohibits and punishes such evils. Mr. Laing, whose statements might on many points have been corrected, or at least modified, had his residence in the country been longer, states what I have no means of refuting, yet know not how to accept as a fact—namely, that from the year 1830 to 1836 not less than 242 persons were condemned to labour in chains for the offence of "contempt to God." Their term of punishment, however, he does not state. "Who will say," adds this statistical writer, whose Scotch principles leaned, perhaps, more to the side of Calvin than of Luther—"who will say that the Inquisition was abolished by Luther's reformation? It has only been incorporated with the State in Lutheran countries, and exercised by the Church through the ecclesiastical department of government, in the civil courts instead of the church courts. The thing itself remains in rigour. Lord Moleworth was right when he said that the people of Lutheran countries had lost their liberties since they had changed their religion for a better." One need not object that a people are prevented ever so stringently from abusing or mocking at their own Church, from even arguing against it, holding controversial meetings to settle it more to their individual fancies or opinions, or trying to lead others from its fold into the thousand wild, delusive, or miserable divisions which the abuse of what is termed the spirit of Protestantism unhappily produces. In this respect I do not know that I should wish to see that article of the Swedish law which Mr. Laing so strongly reprobates at all altered. There can be no dissent in Sweden; neither can there be much fear of "Papal aggression;" whoever leaves the Lutheran fold either for the Pope, or Calvin, or any one else, is exiled from the country—banished for life.

In the best society, and even among ladies, there is a prevalent practice of

#### SWEARING.

The most vulgar of these expletives of discourse is "bevars." If you ask a work-woman if a piece of work can be done by a fixed time, she will answer "Ja, bevars!" One is tired of the word. "Can I go to such a place by this road?"—the answer will be given with "bevars" at its end. You ask what is the meaning of this word, and you find it a contraction of "God preserve us;" "Gud bevarva oss." The next commonest is "Kors!" This also explains itself. It has, too, often the addition "Kors Jesu!" and this exclamation on the least occasion, and often amid peals of laughter, makes the ears tingle that are unaccustomed to hear it. "Cross of Jesus!"—what a sound to issue from light and laughing lips, or from irritated and angry ones. O how often has it tingled upon mine, bringing to memory a slight portion of what was surely far from the thoughts of those who thus used it.

If the cookery of a nation be an index to its civilisation, Sweden is still far in the rear. Thus does Miss Bunbury describe

#### THE ART OF COOKERY IN SWEDEN.

The art of cookery in Sweden, as a national one, is not in a very advanced state; but the manner in which they dress game, though very unlike our own, is, I think, preferable. The flesh is first perforated, and little bits of lard inserted, and the birds are

served in a quantity of white sauce, having quite a different appearance to our half-roasted game. All that is implied by roasting is of course done in ovens; and *ren stek*, or roast reindeer, is served in the same manner with sauce. There are indeed three descriptions of cookery clearly observable here—French, German, and purely Swedish. Some of the purely national dishes, as *lut-fisk* on Christmas Eve, are most extraordinary things, *lut-fisk* being the stock-fish steeped in solution of potash until, in fact, decomposition takes place. On Christmas Eve, the great evening of Sweden, this thing is boiled and eaten with oil sauce; and this, together with gröt, which is simply boiled rice, form the Christmas dishes of Sweden, just as roast-beef and plum-pudding do of England. The smell of the *lut-fisk* is terrific; but a true Swede clings to his national dish on Jul-aften as much as any beef-eating Englishman does to his. The poor often substitute boiled corn for rice; and at all times rye-porridge, made in milk, not water, is their common food. The number of meals might seem to make amends for their quality. Fish is almost the staple of food. Quantities are salted in the autumn; and even in winter fish are taken in a most ingenious manner from under ice. You see holes cut at certain distances, and a man seated on a stool at the furthest on each side. The man you are looking at appears to be sitting idly on the ice, but suddenly he puts his hand into the small opening cut in it, and pulls up a bright-coloured little fish, and then another and another, throwing them on the frozen lake, where they jump about, displaying their colours, poor things, to advantage, and suffering cruelly.

Mr. Ross has given a very full description of the Red River Settlement, an insulated spot in the wilds of North America, distant 700 miles from the nearest seaport, and that port blockaded by solid ice for ten months in the year. The colony is composed of Hudson's Bay Company's servants, half castes, and some natives—the latter being for the most part degenerate specimens of their race, who have learned the vices without the virtues of civilisation. With this singular society Mr. Ross dwelt for some time, mingling familiarly with all parts of it. He traces its history from the beginning, and fully describes its present state and prospects. Here are

#### THE HALF-BREED WOMEN.

The half-breed women are also slender, still more so than the men, but exceedingly well-featured and comely—many even handsome; and those who have the means are tidy about their person and dress. They are fond of show, and invariably attire themselves in gaudy prints, and shawls, chiefly of a tartan kind—all, as a matter of course, of foreign manufacture; but, like Indian women, they are very tenacious of the habits and customs of their native country. The blanket as an overall, is considered indispensable; it is used on all occasions, not only here, but throughout the continent, both at home and abroad; if a stick is wanted for the fire, or a pleasure party is to be joined away from home, the blanket is called for. This invariable habit gives them a stooping gait while walking, and the constant use of the same blanket, day and night, wet and dry, is supposed to give rise to consumptive complaints, which they are all more or less subject to. At the age of thirty years, they generally look as old as a white woman of forty; perhaps from the circumstance that they marry young, and keep their children long at the breast. We have noticed the extreme bashfulness peculiar to the half-breeds, or what might more properly be termed their false modesty or shyness, similar to what is observable among the Formosans. It is exhibited in almost every circumstance; for, although many of them understand and speak both French and English, yet they are averse to speak any other language than their mother tongue. And if the traveller chance to meet one of them on the road, she will instantly shroud her head in her blanket, and try to pass without speaking. Speak to her, and she looks to the ground. Stop, and she turns to one side, and ten to one passes without answering you. For one of her own countrymen, however, a smile, a "bon jour," and a shake of the hand is always ready.

And here is

#### A BUFFALO HUNT.

When the horsemen started, the cattle might have been a mile and a half ahead; but they had approached to within four or five hundred yards before the bulls curved their tails or pawed the ground. In a moment more the herd took flight, and horse and rider are presently seen bursting in among them; shots are heard, and all is smoke, dust, and hurry. The fattest are first singled out for slaughter; and in less time than we have occupied with the description, a thousand carcasses strew the plain. Those who have seen a squadron of horse dash into battle, may imagine the scene, which we have no skill to depict. The earth seemed to tremble when the horses started; but when the animals fled, it was like the shock of an earthquake. The air was darkened; the rapid firing at first soon became more and more faint, and at last died away in the distance. Two hours, and

all was over; but several hours more elapsed before the result was known, or the hunters reassembled; and who is he so devoid of feeling and curiosity, that could not listen with interest to a detail of the perilous adventure. The moment the animals take to flight, the best runners dart forward in advance. At this moment a good horse is invaluable to his owner; for out of the four hundred on this occasion, not above fifty got the first chance of the fat cows. A good horse and experienced rider will select and kill from ten to twelve animals at one heat, while inferior horses are contented with two or three; but much depends on the nature of the ground. On this occasion the surface was rocky, and full of badger-holes. Twenty-three horses and riders were at one moment all sprawling on the ground; one horse, gored by a bull, was killed on the spot, two more disabled by the fall. One rider broke his shoulder-blade; another burst his gun, and lost three of his fingers by the accident; and a third was struck on the knee by an exhausted ball. These accidents will not be thought over numerous, considering the result; for in the evening no less than 1375 tongues were brought into camp. The rider of a good horse seldom fires till within three or four yards of his object, and never misses; and, what is admirable in point of training, the moment the shot is fired, his steed springs on one side to avoid stumbling over the animal; whereas an awkward and shy horse will not approach within ten or fifteen yards, consequently the rider has often to fire at random, and not unfrequently misses; many of them, however, will fire at double that distance, and make sure of every shot. The mouth is always full of balls; they load and fire at the gallop, and but seldom drop a mark, although some do to designate the animal. When the runners leave the camp, the carts prepare to follow to bring in the meat. The carters have a bewildering task to perform; they have to make their way through a forest of carcasses, till each finds out his own. The pursuit is no sooner over than the hunter, with coat off and shirt-sleeves tucked up, commences skinning and cutting up the meat; with the knife in one hand, the blade hanging in the other, and the loaded gun close by, he from time to time casts a wistful look around, to see that no lurking enemy is at hand watching for the opportunity to take a scalp. The hunter's work is now retrograde: the last animal killed is the first skinned, and night not unfrequently surprises him at his work; what then remains is lost, and falls to the wolves; hundreds of animals are sometimes abandoned, for even a thunder-storm, in one hour, will render the meat useless. The day of a race is as fatiguing for the hunter as the horse; but the meat once in the camp, he enjoys the very luxury of idleness. Then the task of the women begins, who do all the rest; and what with skins, and meat, and fat, their duty is a most laborious one.

This is a curious fact—

Of all the operations which mark the hunter's life, and are essential to his ultimate success, the most perplexing, perhaps, is that of finding out and identifying the animals he kills during a race. Imagine four hundred horsemen entering at full speed a herd of some thousands of buffalo, all in rapid motion. Riders in clouds of dust and volumes of smoke, which darken the air, crossing and re-crossing each other in every direction; shots on the right, on the right, on the left, behind, before, here, there, two, three, a dozen at a time, everywhere, in close succession, at the same moment. Horses stumbling, riders falling, dead and wounded animals tumbling here and there, one over the other; and this zig-zag and bewildering *mêlée* continued for an hour or more together in wild confusion; and, yet, from practice, so keen is the eye, so correct the judgment of the hunter, and so discriminating his memory, that after getting to the end of the race, he can not only tell the number of animals he had shot down, but the position in which each lies—on the right or on the left side—the spot where the shot hit, and the direction of the ball; and also retrace his way, step by step, through the whole race, and recognise every animal he had the fortune to kill, without the least hesitation or difficulty. To divine how this is accomplished bewilders the imagination. To unriddle the Chinese puzzles, to square the circle, or even to find out the perpetual motion, seems scarcely more puzzling to the stranger than that of a hunter finding out his own animals after a buffalo race.

Mr. Hill's *Travels in the Sandwich and Society Islands* is the continuation of an expedition, narratives of earlier portions of which have been already published. He parted with his readers in his last volume just as he had quitted the coast of Kamtschatka in the whaler Josephine, bound on a voyage intended to embrace a period of whale fishing in a lower latitude, and to terminate at the Sandwich Islands. This volume contains the narrative of that expedition. He sailed direct to the Sandwich Islands, explored them with much care and diligence, and thence returned to Valparaiso. His style is manly and unaffected, with no pretence to do more than



describe plainly and faithfully what he has seen, and that is all which we look for from one who writes to give his reader information, and not to show off his own skill.

The Christianised natives of Honolulu affect some of the habits of the English, but as monkeys do, imitating us partially, as thus in the matter of dress.

#### NATIVE COSTUME.

The men formerly wore, and still, where they are not much mingled with Europeans, wear, for the most part, merely what is called the *maro*. This consists of a mere strip of cloth, of an inch or two in breadth, passed round the waist, and from the centre of the front part of this, between the legs, to the centre of the back part. They generally now, however, in the streets of the town, in addition to this, wear a blue shirt, much shorter than the shirt we wear; but they put on little or nothing else save what chance may happen to have thrown in their way. Whatever fortune does, however, provide them with, they are sure to display at church, on account of the obligation they lie under of wearing as much clothing as possible when there; which, in conjunction with the appearance of the women, has produced such a scene, as to make a stranger wonder how the officiating clergyman can maintain his gravity while addressing such an assembly. Some of them, on this occasion, had trousers on, and some had none. Some wore their shirts hanging over their trousers, and some had them tucked in. Several I observed, who were near us, had on, apparently, the left-off coats of Europeans, which they wore without trousers, or waistcoats, or shoes, or stockings.

Here is a relic of the manners described by Captain Cook and the earlier voyagers, but with a restraint.

#### NATIVE HOSPITALITY.

It is the custom of the islanders, more especially when they have no other means of showing their hospitality, to make themselves as agreeable as possible to strangers, by placing by their side one or two of the younger women, who, if a common language be wanting, will, at all events, laugh the most weary traveller out of the most sullen humour that ever accompanied fatigue. But on the present occasion we had in our good company only several old men and women, and some children, and they seated by our side the two elder among the girls, whose intelligence and quickness in answering questions put to them about the diversions we were witnessing were as useful, to myself at least, as their merriment was refreshing to us both. We frequently expressed our admiration at what we saw, to the great delight of all the party; but upon asking the little girls near us, whose ages were probably between seven and nine, whether they intended, when a little older, to join in the sport, they declared it to be their daily amusement; and, without waiting to be asked to display their dexterity, they ran and picked up two small surf-boards that were lying near us, and set off in great haste to join one of the parties in the water. Arrived at the beach, the girls slipped off their sole robe, and after leaping into the sea, soon reached and mingled with the rest in the exciting sport; and I confess, when I saw these little creatures sliding down the side of the swell which runs with such rapidity before the rolling surf, and diving to avoid its crash, when the curling wave was about to break over them, there seemed to me to be something absolutely superhuman in the feats they accomplished, so far were they above anything I had deemed it possible for any creatures whatsoever to perform in an element not their own.

Among the remarkable productions of natural history in Owhyhee is.

#### THE OO.

But among the inhabitants of the air found on this part of the Owhyhee, there is one species of which great numbers have been taken by the natives from time immemorial, on account of the value set upon two feathers especially of its plumage; and, as we saw several that had been lately caught, I shall take the opportunity of mentioning the traits that chiefly distinguish them, and the use made of the two precious feathers. The bird is about the size of the skylark. Its body and its beak are black. To form its tail, it has two white feathers at the root, of an equal length and edged with black, and two similar on either side of these, and two perfectly black, reaching to a length equal to that of the body of the bird from the root of the tail to the point of the beak. But the two feathers which, on account of their beauty and rarity constitute the great value set upon the bird, are of a beautiful bright yellow colour, and are found one under each wing. These were, during the lifetime of Kamehameha I., for many years used for no other purpose than to adorn, if not entirely to compose, the state cloak of that king; but they are now chiefly employed by the court ladies to form the band before mentioned which encircles their heads. There are also, under the tail of the bird, some other small yellow feathers of a tufty texture, and not of great value, but made use of by the ladies of less dignity for the same purpose. The name of the bird in the language of the natives is Oo, or something very

similar to the rather rapid but distinct double sound of this vowel.

Humboldt's account of Cuba is well known, by reputation at least, and, if we mistake not, it has been already translated into English. But this new translation will be acceptable just now; for the translator has prefixed a good deal of information not found in the original. Thus perfected, it is the best account of Cuba which can be placed in the library.

A second edition of Major Byng Hall's *Sayah, or the Courier to the East*, has been called for, as we anticipated. We notice various additions made to it, gatherings from his subsequent journeyings, the Major having been dispatched to Constantinople on confidential missions no less than eight times during the last twelvemonth. Such experience has provided ample material for a most amusing volume of adventure and observation, and Major Hall has made the best of his opportunities.

#### FICTION.

*Stories of an Old Maid, related to her Nephews and Nieces.* By Madame EMILE DE GIRARDIN. Addey and Co.

STORIES for children are proverbially difficult to write—so rare is the faculty that enables a mature mind to throw itself back into childhood and feel and think as a child feels and thinks. Usually the author writes over the heads of his audience. He uses fine language and is not intelligible; or he puts into childish phrase thoughts beyond the child's capacity, and is incomprehensible on that account. It is the rare merit of Madame de Girardin that she can think a child's thoughts as well as use a child's language. Hence the delight with which she is read by children, and her unbounded popularity in the nurseries of France. Young England is indebted to Mr. Alfred Elwes for this introduction to them of a book which is so loved by young France, and to Addey and Co. for having presented it to them as a handsome volume adorned with sixteen characteristic illustrations by Doré and G. Fath. Of the nine tales here given we scarcely know to which to give a preference; but upon the whole, perhaps, we most like the quaint humour of the *Metamorphosis*. This volume should be in every household that has children, and even grown people will read it with pleasure—at least, we have done so.

*The Doomed Ship of the Arctic Regions*, by WM. BURTON (Willoughby and Co.), is a mixture of fiction and fact—or, perhaps, fiction founded on fact. Nevertheless, it is properly classed under fiction, because, wherever these are blended, the reader cannot distinguish the one from the other, and therefore ought to treat the whole as fiction. Thus viewed, this is an interesting tale; as the preface informs us, it has been thrice reprinted—this time in a handsome volume, with many engravings.

T. O. Grattan's very interesting romance, *The Heiress of Bruges*, has been added to the "Parlour Library." It is an admirable picture of Flemish life in the middle ages.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Essays chiefly on English Poets.* By DAVID MASSON, A.M. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1856.

To review a reviewer is a somewhat ungracious task; and, unless Mr. Masson were a man of eminent ability and of earnest purpose, it is a task which we should not willingly undertake; for we do very heartily detest the whole tribe of reviewers. If a review were what we should naturally expect it to be, a manly and impartial piece of intelligent criticism, of course we should all welcome it. But this is what a review never is, and a manly and impartial piece of intelligent criticism, the editor-in-chief, the Jupiter of the quarterly lumbering octavo, has a huge abhorrence of. He expects the contributor to say on Macaulay, or Tennyson, or Thackeray, with a certain liveliness and with brisk variations, what everybody has said already; or to season parliamentary drivel, and the drivel of the daily newspapers, with his own drivel about church-rates or some equally interesting topic; or to scribble a biography of Bacon, Raleigh, Pope, or Johnson, or some no less obscure person, which differs from biography in general, only in being more minute in its dissections and more tiresomely disquisitional; or to supply fresh sophistries for a party or a sect, the old stock being exhausted; or to mingle in some grand scientific controversy, and to prove by elaborate demonstration and an immense array of facts, that the man in the moon

is,—the man in the moon. Review literature, if not always a sham literature, is always a forced literature. The subjects are generally exhausted before the quarterly reviewer takes them up, and his art consists in seeming to utter something new about them, while he is really dealing out the most arrant commonplaces. We remember a mania in the west of Scotland for making soap out of snow. Ordinary soap was mixed with snow, and there was thereby an enormous increase of bulk. But it was found that a cubic foot of the soft, blubbery, absurd snow-soap was of no more value than a cubic inch of the ordinary soap, while being much more disagreeable and difficult to use. The snow-soap, therefore, vanished like the snow, and we have never heard that the manufacture was resumed. Now the quarterlies are huge masses of snow soap. We have a dim recollection of a quarterly suddenly disappearing from too large an admixture of the snow, about two thirds of a whole number being occupied with an essay on the *Custody of Infants Bill*—a most exciting matter for the entire British public. The worst of the dealers in snow-soap is that they not only expect you to use the article for ablution, but also for food. You are to devour it as the Esquimaux devours any of those cleanly and delicious articles of which he is so fond. For ourselves, having been so long familiar with snow-soap, we absolutely refuse it both as detergent and as custard. That snow-soap is bought, the best proof is that it continues to be made; that it is used as well as made admits of grave doubt. People purchase quarterly reviews as they purchase so many other things—that they may have the reputation of having done so; but no unfortunate mortal can surely be inconsiderate enough to read them. Yet, what will not a true Briton do for a true British institution? And what is a true British institution if a quarterly review is not? The same persons may experience a quarterly review to be delightful who pronounce the dress of a beef-eater or of a beadle to be superb, or who view a stiff, preposterous pigtail, with statues of a stolid king and of a frantic horse appended thereto, as miracles of art and an apocalypse of the beautiful. The same necessity in our nature, however, that drives us to revolt against that pigtail and its appendages, compels us to war with quarterly reviews. Our quarrel with that pigtail and similar monstrosities which deface this stupendous metropolis, is not so much that they are what they are as that they are where they are, and that they occupy the place and space where should tower and flash noble monuments to our gods and demi-gods. And our quarrel with the quarterly reviews is not for being so overwhelmingly dreary, but for monopolising regions of our national life where we would gladly behold diviner ministries in an age which needs for its regeneration the divines.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Masson that, having in a high degree that marked and emphatic individuality which he ascribes to Scotchmen generally, he has allowed himself gradually to sink it in the quarterly reviewer. This volume has surpassing interest; but we have a painful feeling all through it that we have not before us a strong bold man speaking from the fullness of his heart and the ardour of his impulses, but a prophetic soul echoing in softened and artificial tones a thousand literary voices. Buffon has said that as a man is so will his style be. This, however, can only be accepted as true where a man is predominantly endowed with purely literary gifts. In this age, more perhaps than in any other age, the noblest and most valiant are compelled to do that with the puny pen which the sword or the tribune would far better achieve. It is false to say in their case that as the man is so will his style be; for, compelled to belong to the literary commonwealth, and to perform work there which they would like to accomplish through other agencies and on another field, they are more prone than persons far inferior, but who excel them in instinctive literary aptitudes, to put on the garb and the gait of the literary hack. They will be all the more prone the more they make a stout and triumphant fight for their honesty. Now if we understand Mr. Masson's character aright—and we venture, without intentional indelicacy, to judge it a little beyond the extent to which it gleams through this volume—he is in his original substance and mould a tribune, a prophet, and not a literary artist. When he can forget now and then that he is a quarterly reviewer, he has the fiery words of the tribune, the fulminating wrath of the prophet.

From time to time the quill drops from his hand and the claymore is stalwartly seized and grandly waved; but just when it is about to descend in vengeance on imposture and abomination Mr. Masson remembers that he is a quarterly reviewer. What the quill and not the claymore achieves in Mr. Masson's vigorous grasp, it would be wrong altogether to attribute to Mr. Masson. Except in the prophetic passages, in the kingly claymore slashings, Mr. Masson is always consciously or unconsciously imitating the style of some one or another. That this proceeds from any mere mimetic tendency we do not believe. But if Samson were dining at a London club he would try to do what he saw the small dandies at the tables doing, lest Mr. Thackeray coming in by chance should mistake him for a snob. From sheer pith and from superabounding faculty, of course Mr. Masson is incomparably superior to the quarterly reviewers who deem it glory, and bliss, and empire, and religion to be quarterly reviewers, and who would rather be manufacturers of snow-soap than aught else to which Heaven in its grace, or earth in its gratitude, would exalt them. But they, having been born to the trade, predestined to it both by innate taste and eternal fitness, can scarcely be said to be imitators. Macaulay has written history, has written poetry, has made speeches; yet we see at a glance that he could not possibly have been anything in these generations except an Edinburgh reviewer. And there are many lesser Macaulays, whose vocation to outpourings of trimestrial dullness wears so much the aspect of fatality that it is the only thing we can make out regarding them. Upon reflection, then, we must perhaps modify our assertion that the quarterly reviews serve no useful purpose; for they most indubitably provide for the quarterly reviewers—a numerous class—a solemn, conceited class—but a class with the usual appetites, the usual digestive apparatus, the usual sensibility to heat and cold, and who must take hard cash into the market when they want to buy anything, just like their neighbours. On the principles of political economy—and the quarterly reviewers are all political economists—the quarterly reviewer is valuable at least as a consumer. Let us grant him that merit. If we forced him to consume his own snow-soap, which would not be unfair, seeing that he wants to make it *our* only article of food, he would probably soon tire of his trade. But the trade would soon cease altogether if men of Mr. Masson's stamp ceased to belong to it. Quarterly reviewing is not kept up by quarterly reviewers. It is kept up by giants who fling into it a tremendous energy which ought to be expended in far sublimer fashions. If we except some translations, Carlyle began his literary career as a quarterly reviewer; and, assuredly, highly as we think of Carlyle's genius, we cannot say that he was improved thereby. To his apprenticeship as a quarterly reviewer we must ascribe a certain timid, tentative, tortuous way of approaching and treating things, which, though not involving any essential disloyalty to truth, has yet been of dangerous example to those of Carlyle's disciples in whose being the hatred of the false has to contend with a powerful Jesuitical element. No one can accuse Carlyle of canting or of pandering to popular prejudices; indeed, in his fear of seeming to please or to justify popular prejudices, he often keeps unwisely aloof from popular passions. But if he does not cant, if he does not flatter the mob, if he sneers at it rather too disdainfully, he often resorts to what may be called—not with elegance certainly, but still without irreverence—diplomatic dodges. There is a natural indirectness in Carlyle's intellect, but his character is direct enough and has all the simplicity of a child's, with much of a child's gentleness too, though he is usually pictured as the grimmest of monsters by the Yankees who bore him. Now, how bitterly painful it must originally have been to Carlyle to play the diplomatist, in however small a degree! And if he is now able to play the diplomatist without pain, how much moral force must have been thus mournfully and irretrievably expended! How Carlyle, instead of standing clear and bold and majestic before men, makes a truce, though never an alliance, with those compromises which are the curse of England, and which no one has denounced with such hot and crushing words as he! Compared to this defection from the heroic path, of course it is a small evil that Carlyle, by having been a quarterly reviewer, has helped to prolong the reign of

quarterly reviewing. Still, as regards both the moral and the literary life of England, it is an evil of sufficient importance to be deplored. And here we have our trusty and well-beloved Masson injuring his own noble nature and spurning his manifest destiny that he may lengthen by a few years the empire of snow-soap literature. As we have hinted, he was not born to make books, but for rougher and tougher work. If, however, he must make books, let him eschew that for which Macaulay apes are far better suited than he.

Judged simply as literary performances, the essays contained in this volume sin through an excess of minute analysis and of dialectic display. Never rolls on our ear, never thrills our soul a sublime orchestral synthesis. Wherever Mr. Masson sees life he immediately begins multiplying distinctions; wherever he sees death, he forthwith takes the dissecting knife into his hand. The analysis when the most subtle, and the dialectics when the most powerful, always show the most strikingly to us the weakness and worthlessness of the criticism. Mr. Masson wants religious opulence; he wants metaphysical depth; and he wants the majestic glance that views things in stupendous masses and in musical symmetries. Not naturally a painter, he is yet painfully and perpetually hunting for pictorial effects. There can scarcely in literature be a more fatal ambition. There can only be achieved, at most, a superior kind of penny-a-lining. The most glaring colours are dashed on with an insane prodigality. In penny-a-lining, such as this, there is first a tedious inventory of the puniest particulars; then, as it were,—to use a feeble phrase of which Mr. Masson is ludicrously fond, and which we would advise him to strike out wherever it occurs in this volume,—the reader is incessantly kicked and goaded into activity of genius by being asked to figure to himself this and to figure to himself that, which the penny-a-liner thus confesses himself incompetent to paint; and, by way of finish, everything is duly marshalled that could have been possibly contemporaneous and possibly contiguous—on which plan of possible contemporaneousness and possible contiguity we do not see why the memoirs of a mouse should not extend to a hundred folio volumes. From sinning most heinously in all these three respects, Mr. Masson's longest and most elaborate essay, the life of Chatterton, is unquestionably a failure. We object to a catalogue of unimportant items; we object to figure to ourselves and figure to ourselves, merely that we may save the author trouble; and we object to be dragged through a million possibilities of relation. In biography it is not the individual in the picturesque accidents of his lot that we seek, but in the bravest pith of his being as a living man. It is as unhealthy and as wrong to follow Chatterton point by point through his path of anguish as it would be to spend our whole time at the Morgue in Paris. Those livid, loathsome, gashed, and ghastly things let us hurry past. They are not for us to gaze on, if we aspire to be soldiers of the Highest, ever ready at the battle-call, and ever hearing the battle-call when we behold the universe ceasing, through man's folly or crime or weakness or diseased imagination, to be fecund and robust. Chatterton suffered enough, heaven knows; yet tell us what he really did suffer, and have done with it. The tale is sad enough in itself—it needs no cheap theatricalities to deck it into the sufficiently horrible. It is a tragedy—do not degrade it into a melodrama where demons howl and where ogres gnash their gluttonous teeth and shake their clubs bespattered with brains and dripping with gore. The French poet Gilbert died in an hospital—that also is a tragedy. But draw that deathbed as Mr. Masson has drawn the different scenes in Chatterton's career, and it is a tragedy no more. It loses the sacredness, the elevation, and what may be called the reserve of tragedy, the lofty silence pleading to our sympathies more victoriously far than Dame Quickly chattering, coarse and literal Dutch painting, and a dance of hobgoblins. We now know through Mr. Masson ten times as much about Chatterton as we knew before; but we do not thank him for the additional information. He has vulgarised Chatterton, and taken him down from the ideal heights where we had placed him. Here was a poor and wretched brother who broke down under the too heavy burden which the Fates laid on his young ambitious shoulders; and the moan which he uttered, as crushed and weary and bleeding he fell, has pierced all after years with awe and pity. The awe and the pity

now yield to a sense of loathing; you have forced us to enter the Morgue, and we are glad to be out of it. Biography in these days seems to be a compound of Pepys's Diary and the clear-obscurer of Carlyle's exaggerations. A profuse gossip, an incontinence of cackle, and then a terrible bellowing, as if the extinct monsters, of which geologists discourse to us, had suddenly rushed back to life, or as if a concert of monkeys in a zoological garden were not complete without a growl now and then from a neighbouring bear. Men in the plenitude of their manliness, let us have these, no small Pepys peepings and portraits, even if we are to have the delectation of the bear's occasional growl. The biographers of James Montgomery have been ridiculed for giving us seven volumes about a most excellent person, to the events in whose most uneventful pilgrimage seven pages really would have been more suitable. But have they done more than biographers generally, or than Mr. Masson does in regard to Chatterton? Mr. Masson has some sensible remarks on a species of pre-Raphaelism in literature. But is not the Life of Chatterton and much else in this volume pre-Raphaelism? Is it not pre-Raphaelism to tell us crudely that after Chatterton's death the arsenic was found sticking in his teeth, and that a certain poet of the seventeenth century had no nose? Such details may be appropriate enough at a coroner's inquest, or in a speech for the Crown or for the defence at a Palmer's trial; but in a collection of essays on poetry they are intolerably repulsive.

The dialectical and analytical character of Mr. Masson's criticism is most shown in the two papers, "Theories of Poetry" and "Prose and Verse." They are able, like everything in the book; but they read too much like Blair improved and brought down to the middle of the nineteenth century. Wisely the world is now determined to listen to no criticism which is not creative. The question therefore, with regard to such a man as Aristotle would be, whether, as the greatest of logicians, he could be a critic at all. Criticism, by being creative, makes newer and higher kinds of creation, and especially of poetic creation, possible. The matter so put, have the French, that nation of critics, ever had any real, that is, any fertile criticism? Answer from thy grave, thou dreary Laharpe! The true critic is a true poet, with the poet's inventive, but without his artistic faculties; but so much the more inventive should he be as he is less artistic. If there is any substantial and abiding worth in what Ruskin has written, which does not seem yet decided, it would probably be found to be this, that he is creative, and has the power of rendering others creative. This is what, unfortunately, we cannot say of these two papers by Mr. Masson. They are sterile because they belong to a school which earth's march of vitalities and throng of yearnings have long outgrown. The world will never again delight in critical anatomy, though a few students of a peculiar mould and temper will always continue to admire and practise it. In the article "Prose and Verse," Mr. Masson introduces us to De Quincey and Richter, as two of those who have carried poetry the farthest, the most daringly and successfully, into the region of prose. But are not Carlyle and Wilson far more striking examples? Strip Richter of his similes, which he was always pedantically hunting for in books, instead of seeking in nature, and little poetry will in general be left in his clumsy, sprawling, hysterical pages. We like to dip into Richter now and then, but rather for his geniality and suggestiveness than for any wealth or grandeur of poetry that we expect to encounter. As to De Quincey, while not insensible to the music and copiousness of his style, we have for the most part sought in vain for higher qualities in his productions. This may be our misfortune; so be it: we are content that the enthusiastic admirers of De Quincey should commiserate, or despise, or denounce us. Wilson's rhapsodies are to us the most wonderful outbursts of poetry in prose. They are genuine inspirations of nature also; not the echoes of books like nearly the whole of Richter and De Quincey. Carlyle's "French Revolution" would be the greatest of prose epics if Carlyle were not still more a painter than a poet; yet there is poetry here of the sublimest order, with which surely it would be folly to compare the forced, the far-fetched, and the extravagant in De Quincey and Richter. The French are too rhetorical and too mathematical ever to excel in poetry; but their poetry in prose is better than



their poetry in verse. If to an English taste Fenelon's "Telemachus" is heavy, yet is there not poetry which even an Englishman may relish in portions of Rousseau, of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, of Buffon, of Madame de Stael, and of Chateaubriand? Many of Saint-Pierre's descriptions, though too elaborately finished, are yet exceedingly poetical, though spoiled somewhat by mawkish sentimentality and gloomy moralisings. In the "Words of a Believer," by Lamennais, we behold a fervour, a pathos, and an elevation to which we cannot refuse the name of poetry. Michelet, like Carlyle, is more a painter than a poet; yet how much poetry is scattered through all his works—works so full of genius but yet so deficient in wisdom. Lamartine, though a poet of commanding rank, is, nevertheless, rather bombastic than poetical in his prose. In the eloquence to which the French Revolution gave birth there is much that we feel at once to be poetry; and Napoleon often spoke poetry though he could not write verses.

There are many of Mr. Masson's literary judgments from which we dissent. We deem it an insult to Shakspeare to place Goethe beside him. The self-worshipping German dilettante and dandy was no true son of the gods, though Mr. Lewes and others would have us believe that he was Apollo in his youth and Jupiter in his old age. He helped immensely the literary culture of his country, but how little did he produce that has life in it? Neither are we willing to reckon Wordsworth among our great poets, nor Coleridge among our great thinkers. Wordsworth's poetry wants flesh and blood; it is insipid common-place, varied by quaintnesses and conceits. Of Coleridge as metaphysician, as philosopher, how much will be left when every man has got back his own? There is much else to which we should object, if the mere naked statement of objections were not altogether profitless.

Whatever severity we may have shown in estimating the merits of this volume has arisen from real regard to Mr. Masson, as a gifted and vigorous individuality. The volume we should simply have commended in briefest terms, as one of remarkable power and eloquence, if we did not wish to see its author roused to more natural, more dithyrambic utterances. The next time we meet him we hope it will be not as a quarterly reviewer, but as leader in a moral and religious reformation, which needs its Luther, like that three hundred years ago.

ARTICLES.

*Social Delusions concerning Wealth and Want.* By RICHARD JENNINGS, M.A. London: Longmans. UNQUESTIONABLY Mr. Jennings has ventured on a very difficult inquiry. Wealth and want are found jostling each other in every community. Is this a necessary state of things? Is there any remedy for it? May we hope for a condition of society in which there shall be no great wealth and no great poverty, but a kind of happy medium; all having plenty, none superfluity, none lacking? For our own part,

we entertain no such expectation. The differences in society have their source in our human nature. So long as some men are stronger, or wiser, or more industrious than others, they will take to themselves a larger share of the good things. So long as some men are indolent, wasteful, or foolish, there will be poverty in proportion to their defects. Equalise all fortunes to-day, they would be unequal to-morrow, and in a twelvemonth the disproportion would be almost as great as it is at this moment. We have no faith in the dreams of philosophers and philanthropists, and we fear Mr. Jennings will preach in vain against popular delusions on this subject. Nevertheless, if he only shakes the confidence of a few in quackeries, he will do good service, and deserve the thanks of the community.

*Professor Wilson's Works, Vol. IV. Noctes Ambrosianæ.* Edinburgh: Blackwood.

This volume completes the republication of the *Noctes*, with a copious index. There is a manifest failing as they draw near the close. The strong life that pervaded the early papers seems to have worn itself out as if of its own exuberance, and there is an evident effort to simulate the flow of good spirits which at the beginning seemed almost to require restraint. It was prudent to pause at this point; for now the contents of these four volumes will live in British literature snatched from the fate that too often attends periodical writing. The *Noctes* will be read with delight by generations yet unborn.

The indefatigable Chevalier de Chateilain has translated into French Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Voices of the Night*. It is as literal as the difference in the genius of the two languages will permit. He has caught and rendered the spirit of the author, and that is the primary purpose of a translation.

Among the debris of the literature of the war is *Life in the Trenches*, by Major Porter (Longman and Co.).—It is a short, spirited description of the actual endurances of the writer while doing duty in the trenches before Sebastopol during that long and wearisome siege, with its horrible winter. There is not much novelty of information, but the manner of the telling makes it pleasant reading.

Col. Arthur Cotton has written a pamphlet to show what are the *Profits of British Capital expended on Indian Public Works*. He details minutely the expenses of the greatest of them, and their present and prospective proceeds; and certainly shows, if his statistics can be relied upon, that nowhere could British capital be so advantageously invested as in Indian improvements.

Dr. Horner has issued a small volume of *Instructions to the Invalid on the Nature of the Water Cure*. After describing in a popular way the physiology of the organs of digestion and nutrition, he proceeds to show in what way the water cure operates as a remedy when these are out of order.

*The Cottage Garden*, by Robert Adamson (Blackwood), is designed for the guidance of the cottager in the cultivation and general management of his garden, and it is really limited to its professed objects. It gives lists of flowers, fruits, and vegetables adapted for a cottage garden, with plain directions for their cultivation. It should be in every cottager's hands, and it would be a welcome present from the rich to their poor neighbours.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*Blackwood* is very pleasant this month. Two tales relieve the heavier matter, of which of late there has been somewhat too much. "The Athelings" promises well; and "Metamorphoses" has done well. Then there are some charming Winter Sketches—Travels in Circassia; and a dialogue entitled the "Porch and the Garden." This is as a magazine should be.

*Bentley* continues Mr. Costello's tale of the "Joint-stock Banker"—a picture of our own time, an "ower true" tale. The "By-ways of History" tells the remarkable story of the "Wonderful Marriage of Sir S. Morland." "A Winter in Kertch" pleasantly describes that beautiful but ill-fated town.

*The Eclectic* for June continues to be very literary, spite of the assaults of the "unco gude." It treats of Ruskin, Brazil, a Sea-side Holiday, Aird's Poems, Moore's Life, and Raikes's Journal. The writer of the paper on "Spiritual Despotism" probably understands now what a tyranny that is. There is nothing like experience.

*The Dublin Magazine* still improves. It, too, takes a new lease of youth and vigour. "An Octave of Poets," "Richard Cromwell's Protectorate," "Club Talk in London," "The Platonic Philosophy," are excellent. As usual, its original poetry is the best supplied by any of the magazines.

*Hogg's Instructor* gives a good shilling's worth. Many of the papers would do credit to the first-class reviews.

*The Ladies' Companion* presents its lady readers with another sporting picture. Why such a strange choice? The reading matter is more appropriate—light and elegant, fitted for the boudoir.

*Henry Mayhew's Great World of London* continues the curious history of the prisons of the metropolis. No romance could be more interesting than this revelation of the world within the stone walls, where crime expiates its wrongs to society, and perhaps meditates vengeance. The engravings that illustrate it are very characteristic. This work is a worthy companion to that best of modern books, "London Labour and Poor," by the same author.

*Chambers's History of the Russian War* has lost most of its interest now. But the ninth part almost completes the work.

*The Lamp* is a Roman Catholic magazine, ably edited by Mr. Jas. Burke.

*Riddell's Magazine and Amateur Review* is just what its name would indicate.

*The Monthly Review* for June seems to us to be a needless addition to the periodicals. It does not give half so much literary intelligence as either of the literary journals at almost the same cost, and it does not reach the essay-like character of a quarterly.

*The Gentleman's Magazine* will interest archaeologists, and it pays great attention to history. As a monthly record of the events of the time, it is invaluable. "Family Nomenclature" is a very curious article.

*The Art Journal* engraves Herring's picture of the Queen's Horses, and Eastlake's "Visit to the Nun," both from the Royal Gallery at Windsor. It also illustrates art-manufacture, and has a curious article by Mr. Cutts, on "The Minstrels of the Middle Ages."

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC ABROAD.

DANTE, in the *Convito*, has laid it down as an axiom that poetry is untranslatable. You may convey, indeed, the sense of Homer through the medium of a translation, but, to use Dante's expression, the *musica* is lost: we lose not only the muse but the music of the verse, and its echo. Pope's Homer is properly Pope's; it is not Homer's Homer. The English poet avails himself merely of the materials of the Greek poet to erect a structure of his own. The best translations are merely skilful imitations. This has been said over and over again, long before the age of Dante, and since the age of Dante. At the same time it must be admitted that there are some languages so much more plastic than others that they readily receive the impress of an original design. Shakspeare, for example, has been translated with considerable effect into German; and Goethe would not have much to complain of in some of his English translators. The languages being closely allied, that which may be expressed in the one may almost be expressed in the other—all but the living spirit. The same cannot be said of the French or of the Italian. They are not *condensing* languages. They cannot

express the much of another language in few words. Neither are adapted for the translation of poetry; nor are they easily translatable into another language when they assume a metrical form. In tasking ourselves with the "Contemplations" of Victor Hugo we have found that the sense of any four lines may, on an average, be expressed in English in three; to imitate his metre and rhyme obliges one to complete a quatrain with a word or an idea which has no existence in the original. To get at the true sense of a French or Italian poet the best is the prose form. The metrical form is undoubtedly the more melodious and agreeable to the eye, for the eye has its share in the appreciation of verse; but the melody is not the melody of the original; it is that of the skilful imitator. Both French and Italian translators of foreign poetry appear to be sensible of the advantages of prose in conveying to the public the true meaning of an author. Lamennais has adopted the prose form in his translation of Dante's Divine Comedy *La Divine Comédie de Dante Alighieri, précédée d'une introduction sur la vie, les doctrines, et les œuvres du Dante*, a work which is eliciting every mark of approbation from the critics of France

and Italy. Never, they say, was imitator so thoroughly identified with his original. They act and breathe together; both experience the same emotions; and the man of the nineteenth century loses himself entirely in the man of the fourteenth. The genius of the two is almost identical, although the results of that genius are quite distinct in form. This identity was established by the Venetian writer Tommaseo, when he said that of all men Lamennais was the only one capable of translating Dante into French. To give specimens of the translation would not greatly advantage the English reader; yet is it one to which the English student of Dante must have reference. Tommaseo praises highly the version of the lines:

Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria . . .

Nulle douleur plus grande que des temps heureux se res-souvenir dans la misère.

Cary translates the passage:

No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy, when misery is at hand.

Both translators convey the sense of the original clearly enough; but neither, in our judg-

ment, unites the ring of the genuine coin. It is only the French scholar who can properly estimate, in this case, the value of the Italian critic's opinion. That the translation as a whole has great merits it is impossible to deny; that it is more accurate than Cary's translation, or that of Dr. Carlyle, we may be allowed to doubt. Professor De Sanctis, of Turin, on the subject of Lamennais's translation of the Divine Comedy, remarks—

I thought a French translation of Dante not only difficult, but impossible: Lamennais has accomplished this miracle; he has constrained the French language to obey the genius of Dante. It is a literal version, and in this manner of translating the letter more often kills the spirit; it gives the signification of the phrase, but destroys its poetry. Under the pen of Lamennais, the naked letter becomes thought and image, colour and music. The substitution of one word for another is done with such intelligence of the text, with such scrupulous exactitude, that the thought flows from one language into the other perfectly limpid. This is saying much when we consider how difficult Dante is to be understood, even by Italians; but it is a vulgar merit in comparison with others. Not only does Lamennais find the words which answer to the Italian words, but he infuses into the French the entire living thought, with its accessories, its colours, its harmony. And he does all this without effort, without set phrases, with such simplicity and so naturally, that the thought seems as if it had been French from its birth. By the skilful disposition of words, his audacity in inversions, he has created a species of rhythmical prose, recalling the Dantesque harmony. Dante saw profound things with vivid imagery, and often with simplicity. Metaphysics even under his pen acquired the proportions of statuary. Lamennais became the despot of his own language, but an intelligent despot, equal often to this plastic perfection.

While on the subject of translations, we turn to a recently-published, but long-ago-written, version of two of Shakspeare's poems: *Venus und Adonis—Targuin und Lukrezia. Uebersetzt von Johann Heinrich Dambeck*. The text is printed opposite the translation, enabling thus the reader to judge more conveniently what degree of justice has been done to our national bard. Lamennais says, in reference to Dante: "Le poëme de Dante est toute une époque." We may without vanity say as much of Shakspeare: the works of Shakspeare form an entire epoch. Of the merits of this translation we would rather not speak on our own authority: we shall give an extract or two, leaving the reader who is versed in the German to judge for himself.

The ardent Venus addressing Adonis, says:—

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine  
(Thou' mine be not so fair, yet they are red),  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.  
What see'st thou on the ground? hold up thy head;  
Look in mine eye-balls, where thy beauty lies,  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes!

And the passage is thus rendered by Herr Dambeck:

Dein süßes Mündchen, ach! berührt es nur das meine!  
(Roth ist es doch, wenn gleich so reizend nicht),  
Nicht mein nur ist der Kuss, er ist ja auch der deine.  
Warum den Blick gesenkt? Empor dein Angesicht!  
Sieh mir ins Aug', worin dein Reiz sich spiegelt;  
Ha, Aug' an Aug'!—Warum nicht Mund an Mund  
gesieget!

Again; the poet describes Venus in the presence of the dead body of Adonis:

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,  
As if he heard the woe words she told:  
She lifts the coffin-lids that close his eyes,  
Where, lo! two lamps burn'd out in darkness lies.

The stanza is rendered by Dambeck thus:

Sie blickt nach seinem Mund, und Blässe' ist auf dem Munde;  
Sie faßt ihn an der Hand, und sie ist kalt;  
Sie raunt ins Ohr ihm eine Trauerkunde,  
Als hätt' er jeden Laut, der kläglich ihr enthallt.  
Sie lüpf't die Deckel, die sein Augenpaar umschmühen,  
Sieh, da! zwei Lampen, die verlösch't in Dunkel liegen.

A final specimen of this translation from "Targuin and Lucrece"—the suicide of the latter:

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed;  
That blow did ball it from the deep unrest  
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:  
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed  
Her winged sprite, and thro' her wounds doth fly  
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Rasch in ihr harmlos Herz ein harmvoll Messer scheidet  
Sie ein, das ihre Seele scheiden heisst.  
Los von des Kerkers Schmach, worin sie athmend leidet,  
Bürgt sie der Stoss, mit dem sie tiefe Unruh' meidet;  
Den Wolken übergibt schwerenszend sie den Geist,  
Und aus der Wunde rasch des Lebens Dauer flüchtet,  
Trotz dem Geschick, dass Flüche sie vernichtet.

These stanzas will enable the reader to judge how far the German translator has succeeded in rendering his English original.

Under the somewhat singular title of *Profils et*

*Grimaces*, M. Auguste Vacquerie has put forth a volume that may be read with interest and advantage. The writer is a clear and able thinker, writing down his own thoughts in a flowing, easy, earnest style. His book is not a continuous treatise, but rather a collection of detached thoughts on a variety of subjects. Thus Don Quixote forms the subject of several charming pages. He says of the valorous Knight of La Mancha:

To go out upon the highways to attack single-handed all human wickedness—to throw oneself without hesitation against a whole army—to be ready with every Princess Micomicona who have giants to fight in Micomicon, where the journey lasts for nine years—is extravagant, but it is brave. The princess is not a princess, the giant is a falsehood; but that which is not a falsehood is the intrepidity of Don Quixote. He opens the cage of monstrous lions, and defies them. The night is dark, the torrent roars as if it were descending from the Mountains of the Moon, the forest is full of dishevelled spectres who resemble trees, blows are heard descending with terrific fury, along with the rattling of fetters and chains:—"Dear and faithful squire, my heart bounds in presence of peril, and I am the more resolved to tempt it the more horrible it appears." He discovers that this noise of spectres is the noise of six falling-hammers; and Sancho bursts out in laughter, "But," said Don Quixote, "if this had been a real adventure, as it is none at all, would I not have shown every courage that was requisite to undertake it, and achieve it?"

M. Vacquerie has all the nerve and resolution to engage in a real adventure, if it should present itself. A remarkable chapter is dedicated to Pascal, whose genius he thoroughly appreciates. Voltaire he opposes to Pascal, and says: "To judge rightly of Voltaire, do not regard his laughter; regard the tears of Pascal." Voltaire laughed at the poetry of Ezekiel, made a mock of the clergy, and attacked the many follies of his age; but the object of Voltaire and the philosophers of the eighteenth century was the emancipation of thought. They wished to overturn neither church nor state; but they threw themselves valiantly forward in defence of the oppressed and against their oppressors. Peyrat says, though we are not prepared to indorse his judgment, that the philosophers, "in attacking without relaxation the Christian religion, had at heart sentiments a hundred times more truly Christian than had all their enemies." The best chapters in the book are the 21st, intituled "The Past," and the 22nd, intituled "The Future." M. Vacquerie here compares the work of inventors, of men of science, of conquerors, of legislators, of poets, and all that he says thereupon is, without exception nearly, strikingly clear and truthful. He appears not to say with Bacon—"We are the proper ancients."

Critics, indignant at this perpetual preference given to the dead, defend the living in these terms:—"Be easy about your dead; they had their merit in their day; but all things progress. See you not how science advances and grows; industry, medicine, navigation, all? On all sides yesterday is surpassed by to-day, which will be surpassed by to-morrow. The great poets of to-day are to the great poets of antiquity, as printing is to manuscripts, as the railway-car to the diligence, the screw to the oar."

Not so considers M. Vacquerie.

This glorification of the living is mediocre—these mortal friends of the living deceive themselves. Eschylus has no wrinkles. Glory is not decrepitude. The truly great poets are not poets in swaddling bands. Nothing dies—not even the earth; but there are two manners of surviving. Inventors, the ingenious, savants, conquerors, legislators, philosophers, the gods, survive in the progress which they have communicated to the general welfare, in the civilisation they have introduced into the world. Their creation is society—a creation variable, perfectible, always ameliorating, never good. The conqueror outdoes the conqueror, the naturalist corrects the naturalist, the inventor absorbs the inventor, the apostle devours the apostle, the novelty of to-day is the cast-off rags of yesterday, science becomes ignorance, impiety becomes superstition. Pliny causes Cuvier to shrug his shoulders, the surgeon of my village goes beyond Esculapius, the masts of Columbus mock the pillars of Hercules, the electric wire laughs at the telegraph, collodion slights Daguerre, the balloon looks down upon the railway, Sinai is dominated by Calvary, which is dominated by the tribune of the Constituent. These authors of progress disappear even in their progress. There remain of them their name and humanity. Art alone remains only under two forms; first, as all civilising agencies, in the result which it produces, in the service it renders, in that which issues from its womb; it lives in its to-morrow as the father in the son, and then it resides in no one—it has its own proper life. It leaves two creations;

the one, mobile, incessantly modified, corrected, completed—morals; the other fixed, immutable, definitive, imperfect because it is perfect—masterpieces. Here to-morrow does not displace the past. That which has been made has been made for eternity. Dante does not efface Homer. Michael Angelo does not retouch Phidias. Generations remove with respect the rubbish of Rome and Athens, and explore the enormous bed of the past in order to find some statue without arms, some horse's head half mouldered, some remnant of drapery. Art has such a personal immortality which it survives in its own philosophy. We abuse the god—we reverence the altar. The Iliad survives Olympus, the Bible Sinai, the "Divine Comedy" hell. Everything progresses, art excepted. Great poets are equal in unequal civilisations. They strike the medal of their times. Art is the splendour of history.

Vacquerie is not always true to his text, however. If poets are "equal in unequal civilisations," we cannot understand how he attacks Racine, one of the glories of France.

His theatre is like the coffin of Mahommed, which neither descends nor ascends. It is evermore a coffin. Those who have opened it find nothing but a skeleton. Racine is striking to weak minds only; the immensity of Shakspeare surpasses them, troubles them, places them at variance with themselves: instead of which Racine flatters them in their self-love; they feel at their ease before him, embrace him without difficulty from head to foot, comprehend him at a single glance, and admire him. And then there is spirit as well as body: new boots hurt the feet, new ideas hurt the mind. The drama is quite new. Racine is an old boot. We understand, without imitating, those who thrust their feet in worn-out tragedies.

Jersey is the resting-place of Chateaubriand, was the exile-home of Victor Hugo. Vacquerie, who is a friend of Hugo's family, who shared his exile, and who stands in the most intimate relations with all the friends of the poet, gives some interesting sketches of the Channel Islands, which to the Frenchman present many attractions. Writing from Guernsey, he observes:—

France forsakes us not; it is there before our eyes; and it is here also. All speak French. One can fancy that he is in France, Sunday excepted. One could hardly believe that these Channel Islands were English islands, knowing them from the map only. Guernsey is only three hours' distance from Cherbourg, but eight from Southampton. Jersey lies forty miles distant from Southampton and five miles only from Port-Bail. It is a contradiction of history and geography, that these little islands, so remote from England, and so near to France, should be English. They were French. Jersey indeed once belonged to the continent of France. In the time of Cæsar, Jersey was connected with the continent at low-water. Seven hundred years after Cæsar people could cross over from Jersey to Coutances on foot. The way led from Cæsarea, to the Ox-rocks, still visible at low water, and from thence over the Coutance water, a small brook crossed by a plank. The road went through a thick forest, which stretched from Ouessant to Cape La Hague; this forest contained many villages and monasteries. In 709 it was otherwise. The monastery of St. Michaels had just been built. Of the twelve monks, which Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, led with him into the convent, two had gone to Italy to solicit alms and sustentation for it. The convent lay in the forest, ten miles from the sea when it had retired. When they returned the forest had disappeared, and St. Michael's Mount had become an island. In two months the ocean had accomplished what it had for years been imperceptibly accomplishing. The north wind united itself to the ocean; their united powers had swallowed all up, dismembered Neustria, split up Brittany, overturned the ten miles of forest, penetrated in six places the chain of rocks extending from Césambre to Mingar-en-Saint-Colomb, and leaving between St. Malo and St. Servan a gulph five-and-forty feet deep at high-water. In five or six directions the remains of the Continent rose as islands above the surface of the sea. The largest of the new islands was Jersey. The roadway from Cæsarea to Coutances had disappeared. Jersey has been properly an island since 1147; and even now the depth of water between Jersey and France is very inconsiderable.

Much curious historical and geological information follows respecting these islands, interesting to the Englishman no less than to the Frenchman.

#### Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

##### FRENCH.

Angliviel de la Beaumelle, L.—Vie de Maupertuis; ouvrage posthume, suivi de lettres inédites de Frédéric le Grand et de Maupertuis. Paris. 18mo. 3s. 6d.  
Chauvet, Em.—Mémoire sur la philosophie de Hippocrate. Paris. 8vo.



Autran, J.—*La vie rurale, tableaux et récits*. Paris. 18mo. Delcœur, E. J.—*Les Beaux-Arts dans les deux mondes en 1855*. Paris. 18mo. 3s. 6d.  
Fée, A. L. A.—*Voyage autour de ma bibliothèque. Littérature et philosophie. Le temps et les livres, &c.* Paris. 18mo. 3s. 6d.  
Lazare, Louis.—*Paris: son administration ancienne et moderne*. Tom. I. Paris. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
Le Gentil, C.—*Dissertation sur les droits des femmes en matière civile et commerciale*. Paris. 8vo.  
Marques Typographiques, ou Recueil de monogrammes, chiffres, enseignes, emblèmes, devises, rébus et fleurons qui ont exercé en France, depuis l'introduction de l'imprimerie en 1470. 6 parts. Paris. 8vo. 30s.  
Mémoires d'une diablesse. Paris. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
Théry, A.—*Tableau des littératures anciennes et modernes, &c.* Paris. 8vo.

## GERMAN.

Alexis, W.—*Dorothea. Ein Roman, &c.* (An Historical Romance of Brandenburg). 3 parts. Berlin. 8vo. 9s.  
Briefe, &c. (Letters from Schiller's Wife to a Friend). Leipzig. 8vo. 7s.  
Jonas, T.—*Richard, &c.* (Ricardo Orviedo, Chief of the Brigands in the neighbourhood of Naples—a romantic history of the brigands of modern times). 3 vols. Leipzig. 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Kruger, J.—*Geschichte der Assyrier und Iranier vom dreizehnten bis zum fünften Jahrhundert v. Christ*. Frankfurt a. M. 8vo.

## FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, June 14.

ACCORDING to the *Revue de la Librairie*, in the five months ended on the 30th ult. more than 5000 publications have issued from the press of France. The reader must not, however, fancy that literature is therefore in a thriving or even a healthy state. Many of these publications are reprints—many are illustrated reproductions of old novels of Balzac, Sue, and Dumas, illustrated, and sold for twenty centimes (twopence) a sheet. More still are trumpery little one-franc volumes, remarkable for the gaudiness of their covers and the rapid insignificance of that part of their contents which is not rank immorality. In fact, the writers and publishers of France seem by no means deterred by the Horatian maxim, that to flood the public with rubbish

Non di, non homines, non concessere columnæ.

The public seem to have a depraved appetite for these trumpery productions; and, as long as the canons of taste remain in their present vitiated condition, to hope for a better state of things is as idle as to expect amusement from the *Morning Herald*, consistency from the *Times*, or honesty from a Jewish bill-discounter. Here and there a remarkable book will make its appearance, and create something of a sensation. The lion of the season has undoubtedly been M. de Montalembert's work on the Political Destinies of England: the success of the season, in a pecuniary point of view, has been Victor Hugo's "Contemplations." At present, however, the general opinion seems to be that, as a whole, the work shows but too clearly the decline of his powers as a poet, though it is studded with delicious little poems which are well worthy the poet's happiest efforts.

Lamartine continues hard at work at his *Cours familier de littérature*. The bard of "Jocelyn" might indeed imitate our worthy friend Partridge, and exclaim "non sum qualis eram." Here and there, however, there are flashes of beautiful writing; but somehow or other it gives me the same feeling as hearing an orator speaking against time. Old Sanscrit Literature forms the subject of his last number; but the author, though he seems to have undergone a deal of what is called "cramming" on the subject, is not sufficiently familiar with it to make it interesting. It is light, superficial, and withal decidedly tedious.

More than twenty years have elapsed since the Académie Française published the last edition of its Dictionary. Since that time the immortals have been at work upon another, from which some of the numerous imperfections which disfigure its predecessor will, it is to be hoped, be expunged. If not, the immortals will certes not have the excuse of haste. Their principle is *εὐνοὶ βραδύς*; and the epigram Bois-Robert launched forth against their snail-like mode of getting through their work, nearly two hundred years ago, is as applicable at present as on the day he wrote it:—

Depuis six mois dessus l'F on travaille,  
Et le destin m'aurait fort obligé  
S'il m'avait dit, "Tu vivras jusqu'au G."

But the new edition is far from being so advanced; its "immortal" compilers have not yet arrived as far as B. Now as the learned members have had numerous private meetings, he public may feel curious to know what they spend their time in. A volume of 700 pages just published enables us to supply some information on the subject. It is no less than the "collection of all the speeches, memoirs, poems," &c. read at those private meetings from 1850 to 1855. First it contains five "discours de réception," and as many answers; then five speeches on the "Monthyon Prize of Virtue," which is annually distributed with a view to disprove the axiom that "virtue is its own reward." Then five annual reports by the secretary of the learned body; plus six papers, prose and verse,

read at the public sittings, the authors being Messrs. Ancelot, Ampère, Briffault, Viennet; item, five speeches delivered by members of the Académie at the inauguration of statues in various provincial towns. As this constitutes the public business of the *docte corps*, we will let it alone, merely remarking that the speeches it contains are, with one or two exceptions, totally unworthy of reproduction. As regards the private sittings, they are disposed of in a single chapter, bearing the seductive title of "Poems read at the Private Meetings by the Members of the Académie." We opened it in the hopes of finding unpublished fragments by Lamartine, Victor Hugo, De Musset, Vigny, &c. But, judge of our disappointment; the "Pièces de Vers" consist of three meagre little poematulas, all three from the pen of M. Briffault. Their titles are "*La Sœur de Charité*" (by far the best), "*L'Hymen*," and "*Regrets et Espoir*." Touching the last, we can only express our regrets at having thrown away our time in reading such rubbish, and our *espoir* never to look upon the like again. *L'Hymen* describes the sensations and conflicting emotions of a young girl on the eve of, and on, her wedding-day. The subject is what they call here rather *scabreux*; but the downright absurdity and pretentious affectation of the lines make them amusing. M. Briffault enters into very minute details, and does not take leave of his heroine till he has safely tucked her into the nuptial couch; but, be not shocked gentle reader, he does not follow the example of the Cento of Ausonius. He concludes by an apostrophe to the bed-curtains—

Sur leur bonheur tombez, rideaux jaloux,

and judiciously exclaims "Put out the light!" But we must not be severe, when we ought on the contrary to thank M. Briffault: for without his three *pièces de vers*, we would still be at a loss to account for the manner in which the members of the Académie employed the two hundred and sixty private sittings and spent two years of their valuable time.

The *Athénæum Français* publishes an interesting letter from Pesth, giving an interesting account of the papers published in that city, which gives rather a high idea of the literary tastes of the Magyars. First in the list stands the *Pesti Naplo* (Pesth Journal). It was founded in 1850 by Franz Czászár, a *littérateur* and poet of some distinction in his country, but whose fame or name never reached our ears before. Its present director is Baron Sigismund Kemény. It is about the size of the Paris *Débats*, and professes to deal with politics and literature. Its daily circulation is about 5000 copies, and the subscription is fifty francs (2l.) per annum. It belongs to the Opposition. No. 2, *Magyar Sajto* (The Hungarian Press), is published daily at Vienna. Its size is about the same as that of the *Naplo*. It discusses politics, literature, gives all the news received in Pesth and Vienna, and besides publishes feuilletons, &c. Among its staff are three celebrities of the War of Independence, Vajda, Dienes, and Székely, whose literary attainments are also of a high order. The *Sajto* belongs to the Opposition, and its daily circulation is 2500. These are the most important. The names of the remainder will be sufficient. *Halgyfutar* (Ladies' Journal); *Vasárnapi Ujsag* (a kind of "Illustrated News"); *Delibab* (The Witch—a literary weekly print); *Uj Magyar Museum* (Hungarian Museum); *Magyar Nyelvtan* (Hungarian Philologist); *Indományos Gyűjtemény* (Journal of Science); and the *Tudományar* (Scientific Magazine).

In this "fast" 19th century—for though we have invented the word we are far from having invented the thing—it will not be unacceptable to some of your readers to give them an insight into the life of a

## FAST LADY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:

the more so as that fast lady belonged to the *crème de la crème* of the French nobility, had the *grandes entrées*, and was with all her faults a very charming woman. This sketch is taken from her own portrait, which she has left us in her own letters and memoirs. As neither were written with a view to publication, either in her own days or two hundred years later, but were chiefly the outpourings of her feelings, addressed to the numerous lovers who enjoyed her favours in succession, we may safely assume that the likeness is pretty correct; the greatest bar to its truthfulness being, perhaps, the difficulties of the *gaulois dialect*, which she probably never attempted to surmount. This court beauty was Sidonia, Marquise de Courcelles. Her birth made her the equal of the first of the land; but her virtue, we lament to say, was of the easiest: but she was, unquestionably, the victim of circumstances, and if she acted up to the maxim

Come chiodo scaccia chiodo  
Così amor disaccia amor,

the sequel will show that she was not entirely to blame.

Marie-Sidonia de Lenoncourt was born in 1650. By her father Joaquin de Lenoncourt, Marquis of Marolles, she belonged to the first families in France, while the noblest blood in Germany flowed in the veins of her mother, Isabel von Cromberg. The fair Sidonia, at the commencement of her Memoirs, speaks rather boastfully of her origin—"I belong (she says) to one of the best families in the kingdom. It is

only necessary to be acquainted with history and to hear my name to be convinced that there are no honours below royalty, which our house has not enjoyed; on my mother's side I am connected with the Empire (of Austria), and most of the princely houses of Germany." The virtues of our ancestors are, unfortunately, no guarantee for our own, and although Sidonia's father lived and died a gentleman, after his death her mother's amours made the name of Lenoncourt disreputably famous all over Europe. As long as she divided her favours among those of gentle birth, the Court and her friends contented themselves with shruggings of shoulders, and meaning nods and winks at each other, and talking scandal behind her back, and praising her to her face. Mme. Isabel went, however, a little too far. *Lassata necdum satiat* with her gallantries, she raised one Bunel, *libertino patre natum*, to the dignity of her morganatic husband. This impropriety so shocked the Court and her friends, that she was at once placed without the pale of society, and though she was subsequently allowed to *rentrer en grace*, it was only after many, many years had obliterated the recollection of her morganatic *fauz pas*.

When this marriage of *la main gauche* took place, Sidonia was four years of age; and her friends argued that it would be worse than perdition for her to be brought up by so dreadful a character as *Madame sa Mère*. She was, therefore, entrusted to the care of an aunt, the Abbess of the Convent of St. Loup at Orleans. We shall take the liberty of leaping over the nine years she remained under the care of this worthy lady, and confine ourselves to inform the reader that Sidonia, at the early age of thirteen, was reckoned for her beauty, wit, learning, &c. &c., an eighth wonder of the world. But all this would probably have been doomed to bloom and fade away in the depths of a cloister, had not the death of two brothers and a sister made Mlle. Sidonia de Lenoncourt the richest heiress of France. The effect was magical. Although she had but then entered her teens, an order from the King transplanted her from the convent to the court, to the despair of her aunt, and, as she informs us, to her own intense satisfaction.

No sooner did she arrive at Paris, where the Court at that time resided, than she was presented to the King, before having changed her school-dress. His Majesty received her very kindly, and, according to the custom, gave her the choice of being attached to the household and living under the care of the Queen or any of the Princesses of the blood royal she preferred. She selected the Princess de Carignan, the intimate friend of Madame de Chevreuse, and with whom also resided the Princess of Baden and the Countess de Soissons. I will not libel the historical knowledge of your readers by supposing them to be ignorant of, to use a mild phrase, the *laissez-aller* of the conduct of those four ladies, and Sidonia is not far wrong in stating in her Memoirs that some evil spirit must have directed her choice. A girl of thirteen or fourteen can hardly be expected to decide for herself under whose care it is best she should be placed. But what she was unable to do it was clearly the King's duty to have done for her. That duty he did not fulfil; and, therefore, he becomes in no slight degree responsible for the career of libertinism and profligacy of poor Sidonia, whom he had placed in such bad hands. *Aussitôt pris aussitôt pendu*—Mlle. de Lenoncourt had hardly been eight days at Court when a marriage was on the tapis between her and a great favourite of the King's, M. de Maulevrier, Colbert's brother. She had never seen him, nor had he ever seen her; but, as the King was understood to wish it, it was regarded as settled. "M. de Colbert (Sidonia tells us in her memoirs), regarding me already as his sister-in-law, furnished me with a complete household, servants, equipage, and in a word all that I was likely to want." But this match was not by any means to the taste of our heroine. She looked upon the Colberts as mere *parvenus*, as they were in reality, and fancied herself made for better things. Although so young, her mind seems to have been as prematurely developed as her body, and she availed herself of the arrival at Court of one Menars (whose hotel, by-the-by, has given its name to one of the streets of Paris), a brother-in-law of Colbert's, furnished her with the opportunity she desired. Menars was smitten with the charms of his future sister-in-law, and, according to the loose morals of the day, immediately commenced paying her addresses, with a view to become her lover before becoming her relative. It was all in the family, and on these grounds that accommodating Duenna, the Princess de Carignan, gave him *carte blanche* provided the affair were kept strictly secret. But Sidonia's stubbornness was by no means what her age might have led us to expect. She resolutely declared that, whether as husband or as lovers, the Colberts were hateful to her, and she persuaded the Princess to close her doors to the luckless Menars. His passion was not, however, to be baffled by such passive measures, and he resorted to a number of expedients to obtain access to Sidonia, on one occasion assuming a variety of disguises; but this affair was at length brought to an end by an *éclat*. Menars having bribed one of the chambermaids of Sidonia to admit him at night to her bedroom, her cries on discovering this intrusion roused the inmates, and at once put an end to the

conjugal machinations of Mme. de Carignan and the pursuit of her infatuated lover.

Her delight at escaping from the clutches of the Colberts was, however, fully equalled by the displeasure and vexation of her patrons, Mmes. de Carignan and Co., who wished to marry her only to secure the support of so influential a personage as Colbert. All hopes being, at an end, they then turned their attention towards Louvois, his rival, and actually proposed in exchange for his support to give up Sidonia to his embraces, not as a wife, as he was married already, but as a mistress, after having, to save appearances, a husband found for her, a husband capable of understanding what was due to so great a man as Monsieur Louvois. The latter thankfully accepted the offer of his fair and noble friend. Sidonia was then sixteen, and has left a portrait of herself which is too characteristic to be passed *sub silentio*—it is worthy, for the style and inflated language, of a place in Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules*. After telling the reader that she was "one of the most lovable creatures that could be set eyes on," that she had the "finest complexion in the world," a mouth "that was neither the largest nor the smallest in the world," "infinite charms," "divine hands," a "nose that was perfect in itself," and, lastly, the "finest legs in the world." On her accomplishments, temper, &c., the fair Sidonia is equally explicit: "I sing well, though without much method; and I know enough of music to hold my own, even with *connoisseurs*. But the greatest charm of my voice is its sweetness and the tender emotions it excites—in fine, I have weapons of all sorts to win love and admiration, and I have never yet used them in vain. As for wit, I am better provided than any one I know, natural, pleasing, and lively, capable of great things also, were I disposed to take the trouble. I have shrewdness and common sense too, and know better than any one what I ought to do, although I hardly ever do it."

Even taking the above as a *portrait flatteré*, the reader will see that M. Louvois's taste was more commendable than his morality. The effigy of a husband was easily discovered in the Marquis de Courcelles. So sure were his friends of his consent, that he was not even consulted. Being abroad at the time, he received an intimation to return. It was, in fact, much easier to decide him than to decide Sidonia, who was not in the secret of the scandalous traffic of which she was the object. She was, however, at length persuaded by her officious friend, the Princess of Baden, and gave her consent. The marriage was celebrated with extraordinary pomp, the King honouring it by his presence, and the Queen paying the little heiress the honour of being her *femme-de-chambre*. With this marriage her misfortunes may be said fairly to commence, as the reader will see, if his impatience will allow him to wait until the publication of the next number of the CRITIC. If not, he is referred to the memoirs, to which we are indebted for the above truly singular narrative.

Considerable interest was created by a trial last week in Paris, in which the Government was the prosecutor, and the offence the publication of certain state documents, which, though intended for publicity and very anxiously looked for by the public and the world at large, the Government desired to hold back until some formalities had been complied with. One of these documents was the late treaty of peace, which, to the inexpressible surprise of the leading members of the cabinet, and the horror of their subalterns, made its appearance in Paris one morning, soon after its being concluded, in the columns of some of the foreign journals, although it was thought every precaution had been taken by the authorities to prevent a copy getting abroad. But what will not money do, when adroitly applied? In fine, one of the pressmen employed in printing the *Moniteur* contrived to purloin a proof of the precious document, containing nearly the whole of the articles of the treaty. It was, no doubt, most advantageously disposed of to one of your daily contemporaries, and also to a Belgian journal. The ferment was great in high places; the more particularly, because it is affirmed that copies of the treaty had been refused to more than one of the ambassadors and ministers of several of the states not immediately concerned in the convention. The police were instantly at work, and speedily ferreted out the unlucky journeyman printer, and through him the principal agent in the transaction, a Mons. Jollivet, who keeps, or rather kept, an office for the transmission of news by telegraph. The latter has been somewhat severely dealt with, being condemned to two years' imprisonment! a sentence which goes far to destroy his prospects for life. The subaltern agents are less hardly treated; but the purchasers of the document have been wisely let alone. It is known that the correspondents of the English press in Paris are always prepared to act *handomely*, i.e., ready to purchase intelligence, and, if its importance warrants the outlay, on high terms. It is true that so much of this commodity is constantly in the market, for the importance and authenticity of which the vendor is ready to pledge his credit, and soul to boot, that it requires all the sagacity of "our active correspondent" to separate the grain from the chaff. Under former régimes, this

kind of trade was carried on almost without disguise, and very handsome presents indeed have been made by the leading London papers to more than one official gentleman in the bureau of the minister itself. Whatever drawbacks may exist under the present reign, this disgusting system of open bribery is at least put an end to.

M. Planché, one of our well-known critics on art, has been fined 20*l.* by the Correctional Police Court, for a severe notice upon two portraits—those of the King and Queen of Spain,—purporting to be in the Exhibition at Paris last year. Unluckily, one of the pictures was not finished in time, and that of the Queen never left Madrid! The editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was also fined for allowing an article of such bad faith to appear in his publication. A few examples of this nature would do no harm whatever. The complainant was Senor Madrazo, a Spanish painter, said to possess merit.

Our theatres are dull since the departure of La Ristori, who, I perceive by the papers, has also been received very favourably in London. Some complaints against the unfairness of certain newspaper critics have also been before the courts of law, in the shape of suits for damages brought by young actresses of the minor theatres. Moderate damages have been in some instances given, and in other cases the fair litigants have failed in obtaining pecuniary satisfaction, but have nevertheless gained an advantage considered of some value by this class of small *célébrités*—their names have been brought forward, and they have been talked about! The fact, however, is, that the licence taken by these petty journals is frequently of a very scandalous description, their writers living by means of abuse and extortion, for which the treadmill would be a suitable punishment. Some of these effusions read as if the taste for calumny and falsehood, formerly the weapons used against the Government, now found vent in private scandal.

## ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, May 24.

An Art-Library—Auctions of Books—Obituary—Literature and Antiquities.

SOCIETIES of art or literature might be interested in the opportunity I am able to announce of a purchase offered by the possessor of a library among the most valuable, if not largest, existing in private ownership in Rome. One of the diplomatic body, a nobleman of taste and learning, who has been resident here more than thirty years, has formed, and is now desirous to dispose of, this collection in its aggregate, being determined on a return to his native country. It consists of about 2000 volumes in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and English, with many rarities for which almost any price might be fetched from book-hunters, and several of the editions bibliographers style of "etiquette." The collection is mainly artistic, and has received its most remarkable feature from the efforts of the owner to render it a reproduction of the art-libraries of Lanzi and Cicognara, by including the principal works cited by the former as having served for his "History of Painting in Italy," and specified by the latter in his "Descriptive Catalogue" of his own library, a curious and now very rare publication, in which are enumerated and briefly characterised all the volumes in Count Cicognara's collection—4800—which was finally purchased by the Papal Government from his widow for 18,500 scudi, and now fills a separate compartment in the Vatican. Some works, indeed, included here, were sought for in vain by that distinguished man, though noticed by him as desirable for the completeness of an art-library. A variety of illustrated serial publications, issued by academies and societies, form a section highly valuable on these shelves—as the "Florence Museum" and "Herculanum," the great publication of the academy founded at Naples expressly for illustrating that antiquarian treasury. Santi Bartoli's "Columns of Rome and Vatican Friezes," and Falda's "Fountains of Rome and its Vicinity" (seventeenth century), are here found, among other illustrated works of large scale and value. Among early editions of art-classes are, the first, second, third, and fourth of Vasari's *Lives*; a Vitruvius of 1524; Serlio on Architecture (Venice, 1537); and one of the rare copies of the first edition of Malvasia's "Felsina Pittrice," containing two obnoxious words which gave rise to a fierce contest memorable among the curiosities of literature and quarrels of authors—"boccalio Urbinate" (*the potter of Urbino*), applied to no other than Raphael in an unfortunate fit of jealousy for the glories of the Caracci school, by the historian of Bolognese art—a *béti* which drew such a tempest on his head that Malvasio hastened to withdraw every copy unsold, and to substitute for the insulting epithet "il gran Raffaello," the words actually standing in every other edition of his work. Another curiosity in the way of literary whim is the description of the paintings in Brescia, "Le scelte Pitture di Brescia," by Averoldi (date 1700), in which the monosyllable "che" is not once introduced, according to the determination of the writer to avoid a phrase he considered too promi-

nent in Italian prose, and with some reason in his objection, however whimsically carried out. Autographs have added to the value of several volumes on these shelves. The Dialogues on Art, "Dialoghi sopra le tre Arti," by Bottari (1754), are amply commented upon in marginal notes by that caustic and learned critic, Milizia; the "Cours historique et élémentaire de Peinture" is the copy that belonged to Haydon, and contains his name; and the above-named edition of Vitruvius is enriched by copious notes and original drawings by the architect Cremonini, many of whose illustrations were engraved for subsequent editions, almost exactly from the sketches here designed by his own hands. The Discourse of Alessandro Lamo on Sculpture and Painting (Cremona 1584); the "Carta del Navegar Pittore" (Charts to a Pictorial Voyage), by Marco Boschini, a poem in twenty-eight cantos, dedicated to descriptions of art, and a curious specimen of originality in the Muse (dated Venice 1653); the first Guide to Perugia, a quaint little volume (1689); Varchi's Funeral Oration on Michel Angiolo (not, I believe, given by any of his biographers)—might be pointed out among notable gleanings from the by-ways of Italian literature, to which I might add the indication of many others if I could suppose your readers as interested in hearing of, as I was myself in examining, the contents of the diplomatic gentleman's shelves. Generally these volumes are in the best preservation, for the most part newly bound, and all are perfect copies.

Other collections have lately been disposed of in Rome, on a less enlightened and liberal principle than that preferred by the proprietor of the above-mentioned. To the hammer of the auctioneer have been consigned (as, during the winter especially, is an arrangement constantly recurring in this city) the libraries of various literary persons lately deceased—the Abate Matranga, Prince Cosimo Conti, and others. The Conti library was disposed of in a sale lasting from the 16th to the 30th April, and proved one of the most attractive yet thus doomed to dispersion, especially for its modern literature, among book auctions here during many years. The Prince del Drago, I am informed, has sold his family archives, including the records of three patrician houses, Del Drago, Gentili, and Biscia, for many generations, to the Marquis Campana; and the report prevails of an intention on Campana's part to dispose of his celebrated Etruscan Museum, only second to that of the Vatican, which, it is also rumoured, the English Government has manifested some thoughts of purchasing. Prince Pietro Odescalchi, a venerable and esteemed nobleman, who died last month, was chief editor of the *Arcadian Journal*, and author of translations from Cardinal Mai's most celebrated literary discoveries, the "Republic" of Cicero and the Letters of Fronto. The *Giornale degli Arcadi*, founded 1819, expressly to promote the interests and honour of Roman literature, has now passed, by election, under the editorship of the Commendator Visconti; and the Duke di Rignano has been elected to succeed Odescalchi in the scientific academy of the *Nuovi Lincei*. The Jesuits here have just lost one of their most distinguished men, Padra Secchi, well known beyond the Alps, irrespective of his Italian reputation, as a writer on philologic and archæologic subjects, member of the French Institute, the Berlin Academy, and many other societies of *savans*. Theiner, of the Oratorian order, has finished three folio volumes in Latin for his great work, the continuation of Baronius; but as yet no part, though printed, has been given to publicity. Being appointed by the Pope to the office of custode over the Vatican archives, he has left his convent to reside in that palace. Another learned Father of the Jesuits is endeavouring to rearrange the numismatic collection of the Vatican, so lamentably despoiled by the disgraceful act of a young man, not without education or good connections, who was entrusted with its care under the Republic, and made away with almost every coin in gold or silver among its contents. It still possesses the earliest specimens of money struck under the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, in the eighth century—curiously barbaric, indeed, the heads being impressed in full face instead of profile, and with scarcely any resemblance to humanity. This Government, in the contract lately made with a Spanish company, undertaking the railroad from Rome to Civitavecchia, has stipulated that of whatever antiquities may be brought to light in the excavations two thirds are to be its property, so that only the third remaining can be legally exported.

The celebrated Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, has been purchased by a Madame Polack, the widow of a wealthy banker of the Hebrew persuasion at Königsberg, in Prussia. This lady intends to beautify the place and improve the whole neighbourhood, at her sole expense. The first thing she had done was to plant the whole area with a grove of olive trees, and thus to restore it to the original state from which it derives its name. The olive tree thrives well in that locality, and though it takes many centuries before arriving at a state of maturity, and sixteen years before bearing any fruit at all, it requires but little or no tending, and lasts for several hundred years.



## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

## THE FORTNIGHT.

WE owe our National Debt entirely to wars. From 1693, when the Bank of England was first chartered and lent its capital of 1,200,000*l.* to the public at 8 per cent. interest, the rule has been an increase during war, and a diminution of debt during an interval of peace. The late war has swept away the savings of forty years of peace. As one of the means of reduction, a system of Life Annuities was adopted by the Government in 1808, and a paper lately read at the Statistical Society by Mr. Hendriks goes to show "the losses sustained by Government in granting these annuities." The amount of stock transferred to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt on account of life annuities amounted in January 1829 to 11,367,000*l.*, and in March 1855 to 30,152,000*l.*, by which perpetual interest was cancelled, amounting in January 1829 to 350,000*l.*, and in March 1855 to 909,000*l.*, and in consideration of which Government granted life annuities, amounting in January 1829 to 870,000*l.*, and in March 1855 to 2,718,000*l.* On the other hand, the amount of life annuities expired was in January 1829 238,000*l.*, and in March 1855 about 1,681,000*l.*, leaving a net amount of immediate annuity of 622,000*l.* a year in 1829, and 1,037,000*l.* a year in 1855. The consequence of cancelling the perpetual annuity and granting life annuities was an excess of life over perpetual charge amounting to 3,260,000*l.* to 1829, and to 9,851,000*l.* to 1855, which had to be met by additional taxation and loans, and the cost thus incurred at 5 per cent. from 1808 to 1829 may be taken at 1,500,000*l.*; and at 4 per cent. from 1829 to 1855 at 15,902,000*l.* The cost of redemption of the 11,367,000*l.* transferred to the Commissioners was, 11,855,000*l.*, or at a loss of 488,000*l.*; but the actual price at which the transfer took place was 8,781,000*l.*, thus showing a balance of loss against the Government from 1808 to 1829 was 3,124,000*l.*, or the difference between these two sums, the price of redemption being thus 1044 per cent. instead of 75, the per-centage assumed by Government. Similarly the cost of the redemption of the capital stock of 30,152,000*l.* was 35,347,000*l.* to March, 1855; but the actual transfer took place at 26,077,000*l.*, or a balance of net loss against the Government of 9,270,000*l.*, the redemption price having thus been 1174 per cent., instead of 86, as calculated upon by Government. The total loss on the whole of the life annuity transactions from 1808 to 1855 had in fact amounted to 12,394,000*l.*, thus showing the impolicy and positive loss to the country in subjecting the financial system to the risks of life annuity business.

"The Improvement of Railway Locomotive Stock, and the Reduction of the Working Expenses," was made the subject of a paper at the Institution of Civil Engineers by Mr. D. F. Clark—the design being to discuss the locomotive engine physiologically, and to show of what improvements it was susceptible. The three elements of a locomotive were the boiler, the engine, and the carriage. With regard to the boiler, the usual fuel was coal or coke. The combustion of coke was practically complete; and that of coal might be rendered so by two conditions, a sufficiency of oxygen and a sufficiently high temperature; and this had been practically effected in Beattie's passenger locomotives, which might be considered on a footing of equality with coke-burning engines in evaporative efficiency of fuel, weight for weight. Purity of water was an element very considerably affecting the working expenses. As to engines, in expansive working the steam might be cut off at one-fifth of the stroke, instead of, as now, at 40 to 50 per cent.: the steam should be superheated, and the cylinders perfectly protected; the slide-valves also should be balanced. In the carriage, the system of six wheels with central drivers was the prevailing practice. In forming an estimate of the economy to be effected by these improvements, it might be stated, allowing for contingencies, at about 50 per cent. of the existing average working expenses. The following is the average apportionments of receipts on the railways of this country:—Working charges, 40½ per cent.; interest on guaranteed capital, 28½ per cent.; and dividend on ordinary shares, 25 per cent.

At the Society of Arts, in a paper on the manufacture of bricks by machinery, the importance of the trade may be gathered from the statement of Mr. Chamberlain:—"The quantity of bricks made per annum in this country is 1,800,000,000; Manchester alone making 130,000,000, London averaging about the same. Taking bricks at the low average of three tons per 1000, the annual weight would be 5,400,000 tons, and the capital employed 2,000,000*l.* The number of patents connected with the manufacture is 230." And at the same society, with reference to the manufacture of bobbing net-lace by machinery, Mr. Felkin stated that, although scarcely half a century old, in consequence of the introduction of machinery, the price had fallen from 100 shillings per square

yard to sixpence, and the number of machines had increased from 140 in 1815 to 3500 in 1856. The cost of the raw material now employed was 980,000*l.*, and 3,060,000*l.* was paid in wages, interest, wear and tear, and profits, making a total capital of 4,040,000*l.* per annum. The entire number of hands employed in all branches of the trade may be stated at 135,000. The principal markets abroad supplied with British machine-made lace were those of Germany, the United States, Canada, Australia, and the East Indies.

From experiments lately made with the fruit of the Avocado (Laurus Persea) pear tree, an account of which appears in the last Society of Arts Journal, it seems probable that a new substance may be brought into use possessing considerable commercial value. According to the analysis of Dr. Hoffman, the oil expressed from the fruit, when divested of its peculiar bitter taste, may possibly be made a substitute for olive oil as an article of food. In illuminating power the oil is not very much inferior to the average quality of sperm oil, although as a lubricating material it cannot be considered fit for the higher classes of machinery, for, even when purified, it retains an attraction for oxygen, by which it becomes rapidly coloured, viscid, and actually acid; nor can it "either in price or in applicability compete with that remarkable substance 'Paraffin oil,' a distillation from several varieties of coal at a low temperature, which has been discovered within the last year by Mr. James Young." But for the purpose of soap-making the oil of the Avocado pear will have at least the same value as Palm oil. The tree exists in large quantities in the Island of Trinidad, about 200 of them, full grown, occupying the space of an acre. The idea of making use of it, originating with the Governor (Mr. Elliot), was carried into effect by Mr. Cruger, who, in his experiments, found that, even with imperfect means of expression, the per-centage of oil was from twelve to thirteen per cent. to bulk of pulp, which is heavier than the olive. The juice of the stones of the fruit produces a deep and indelible black stain, and might also be made use of for ink and other purposes.

At the Chemical Society Messrs. Goessmann and Atkinson pointed out a new and productive method of obtaining lophine, advocating the opinion expressed by Gerhardt that the lophine of Laurent was identical with the pyrobenzoline of Fownes. The formula they proposed differed, however, slightly from the respective formulae of the two discoverers. Solutions of lophine manifest the phenomena of epipolisation. Mr. Richard Adie read a paper on thermo-electric currents generated by the flowing of electricity through bismuth joints; and Mr. F. Field on the decomposition by heat of native oxichloride of copper from Atacama, differed in his results from those obtained by other chemists with the artificially-prepared compound.

On a continuation of the discussion on "Steam communication with Australia," at the Royal Geographical Society, it appears from the observations of Capt. Stokes, R.N., that the climate of Carpentaria was temperate and remarkably healthful. There was abundance of surface-water and a low range of temperature during the hottest summer months; the thermometer ranging from 81° to 90° from November to March. To the south of Carpentaria Capt. Stokes had discovered an immense extent of fertile territory, which he called "The Plains of Promise," with soil of great depth and without a stone. Both eastward and westward the land rises to several thousand feet, beyond which to the south the country was at present unknown.

With reference to the formation of an interoceanic canal at the Isthmus of Darien, an expedition had been organised in 1852, and a second one in 1854. The result of the survey then made, under the joint sanction of the Governments of England, France, the United States, and New Granada, shows that the harbours of Caledonia and Darien are excellent, and in every way adapted as the termini of an interoceanic canal. The coast on the Atlantic side was found to be seven miles wrongly laid down in longitude, and a range of mountains from 900 to 1600 feet high was proved to form the parting of the country at a distance of about five miles from the Atlantic. This water parting is precipitous, being only 200 yards above the mean level of the ocean, at a distance of five miles westward. The distance between tidal waters, on opposite coasts, is under thirty miles. The result of this last survey is demonstrative of the fact that canalisation across, without tunnelling, is impracticable; but it also proves that a railway might be constructed between excellent ports, not above twelve leagues apart, with a summit level to be crossed, not exceeding 300 yards above the sea.

Mr. C. Babbage furnished a very interesting paper "On the Action of Ocean Currents in the Formation of the Strata of the Earth," as an explanation of the overlapping and inversion of strata, seen in the Appalachian and other mountain ranges. Sedimentary matter carried by ocean currents to the profound

depths of the ocean subsides into these depths, beyond the reach of currents and of wave action; the time required for subsidence depends on the specific gravity of the particle itself, on its greater or less magnitude, on its form, and on the law of the resistance of the medium through which it falls. The uniformity of the subsiding stratum may also be interfered with by the varying conditions both of the sediment and the sea bottom. The action of the ocean currents in separating mixed substances, and of combining different substances, might cause a variation of the conditions. Local elevations and depressions of the sea-bed were also probable causes of irregularities in stratified deposits. The downward motion of earthy matter becoming continually diminished, and the particles ultimately coming to absolute rest or moving through water of increased density with excessive slowness, covered the ocean bottom with an incoherent pulpy mass of fluid mud, of great thickness, and less dense for the most part on the upper than on the lower part, or formed a similar mass of sediment in mid water; and during the immense period of time required for subsidence various hydrographical changes might take place. The suspended mud cloud might interfere with the conduction of heat from the earth's surface, and effecting an alteration of isothermal surfaces, which, rising upward, would produce a consolidation of the lower strata. Currents of heated water might disturb the sediment, and give it flexuous stratification. Heated water retained in the sedimentary masses might alter the solvent powers of the constituent materials, or be converted into steam, or generate permanent gases, deranging or altering the suspended material. The suspended mud-cloud, impeding the upward progress of heat from the lower region, would increase the heat below, and be itself thus placed between varying pressures. The now consolidated mud-bed would, according to its consistency or the form of the ocean bed, take different positions, or be broken through from the accumulated heat below; this upward bursting on enormously thick or partially consolidated stratified mass would admit of the formation of elevated domes, and the bursting of a dome would propagate a vast wave through the plastic matter; and, as this wave advanced, the diminishing depth of the ocean would cause the head of the wave to advance with greater speed than its base, so that the foremost wave might even double itself over, and yet, owing to the plasticity of the mass, there might be no breach of the continuity. The transmission of such impulses upon semi-consolidated strata might explain the overlapping and inversion spoken of.

There are few of those whose occupations lead them to travel by an omnibus who have not felt the full inconvenience of wet umbrellas in a public vehicle. Mr. Tyerman, of Weymouth, proposes a simple expedient, namely, a receptacle fixed on the inside of the door, projecting about 2½ inches, forming an inclosed space: the bottom is made moveable for cleansing purposes, and the waste water which runs so copiously down a wet umbrella is carried away by a suitable outlet; the umbrella would always be in view of the owner. A system of check duplicate tickets would be ample to secure one's own umbrella. As the invention promises a great addition to the comfort of the passengers on pouring days, we strongly recommend it to the notice of omnibus proprietors.

Mr. Hopkinson, formerly of Soho-square, has brought the action of his grand pianos to great perfection. The principle is that of a pin-jointed sticker attached to the key and hammer stick, and which in connection with the relieving action brings the action of the hammer upon the string immediately under the control of the performer. The "tremolo" has thus been brought to a great pitch of delicacy. A prize medal was awarded at the Exhibition of 1851, and a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1855. The tone of these instruments is rich and full, and the appearance highly finished. An opportunity of hearing them is afforded at the performances by artists of excellence every Tuesday and Friday, at the New Rooms in Regent's-street.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

MR. LEIGHTON'S picture of Cimabue's picture of the Madonna borne in triumphal procession, which created some sensation last year, is now followed by a singular kind of pendant. The subject of the former work was the triumph of painting; now we have "The Triumph of Music" (508) displayed in the achievement of Orpheus, who by the power of his art redeemed his wife Eurydice from Hades. Orpheus (of distinctly Hebrew physiognomy) is *fiddling* a fantasia to Pluto and Proserpine, while Eurydice performs a pantomime behind. There is something so audacious

in the attack upon all our preconceived notions of the old Greek myth, that one feels a kind of awe of the artist and his work. Pluto is the grandest part of the conception. The grim king of the ghosts may certainly have looked so; but the three other personages are so unequivocally operatic, that all sentiment of sublimity vanishes in their presence. Noel Paton's "Home" (35)—the return of the wounded soldier to his family—is the best picture which has appeared having reference to the war. The attempts of this sort have not, on the whole, been very numerous, and have generally been weak and trivial. Here we have the whole story of hopes, fears, grief, and joy, compressed into one moment. The soldier of the Crimea returns with trophies of bold deeds; but not richer than he went out, and with loss of limbs. Joy and sorrow seem to be evenly mingled in the wife. The infant sleeps peacefully in its cradle, unwitting of its father's return. The picture is smooth and neat in finish, too much so perhaps; the yellowish light which suffuses the room is not altogether the true light of a cottage interior. But these defects are atoned for by the exquisite feeling which breathes through the painting.

Mr. W. T. C. Dobson's picture would be altogether first-rate if it were not for his adherence to one ideal type of countenance and figure. All his personages have a strong family likeness—all are equally sleek and comely. He is, also, not successful in giving movement to such as are intended to be in motion. "The Parable of the Children in the Market-place" (310) is an illustration of this. The conception is good; but the scene looks too much like a beautiful petrification. The boy chasing a butterfly looks as if suspended by catalepsy. "The Prosperous Days of Job" (532) is a picture purporting to represent the patriarch engaged in acts of charity; but the "poor" whom he is relieving are very shallow impostors. A little more realism introduced into Mr. Dobson's works would make them very effective.

Compare with the last-mentioned work J. Phillips's scene at the entrance of a Spanish church, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick" (295)—a powerfully-painted subject, not absolutely real, but with enough nature in it to arrest and interest the attention, independently of the rich and almost gorgeous colouring which the artist employs. The stately Spanish physiognomy harmonises well with Mr. Phillips's palette. "The Gipsy Water-carrier of Seville" (533), and "Agua Fresca" (248), exhibit the native nobility which travellers describe as peculiar to the Peninsular race.

"A Dream of the Future" (7), by Frith, the landscape by Creswick, is pretty, but treads on dangerous ground. A blooming country girl, escaped from her native village, and resting on a stile in view of London, whatever her dreams may be, is an object of rather serious contemplation.

Mr. Redgrave's "Little Red Riding-hood" (68), would have been better without the figure, unless some imperious chromatic law demanded a spot of red in the midst of so much green. It is a laborious study of the interior of a wood, the best we have seen from Mr. Redgrave's pencil, although too apparently laboured. The painter has said, "I will paint trees," and he does paint them with a care and precision truly marvellous; but it is the workmanship only which calls for our admiration. Little Red Riding-hood—that familiar heroine of our childhood—is but an impertinent intruder here. We should have been better pleased with half a dozen rabbits.

"The Administration of the Lord's Supper" (54) is treated by Mr. Horsley with due solemnity, though not without a slight—the slightest possible—tinge of affectation. It is difficult in treating subjects of this kind to avoid the appearance of hypocrisy, and this picture is the most successful in its kind that we remember.

Mr. Stanfield is very great in his sea-pieces this year. "The Abandoned" (94)—the hull of a vessel deserted by its crew and tossing on the waves—is effective by its very simplicity. Water and clouds are painted in Stanfield's most masterly manner. Mr. Lee's "Breakwater at Plymouth" (221) is more than usually successful. Here we have the result of an artist turning his hand to a new class of subject, the inspiration of which is at once manifest. Habits and conventionalities are perforce thrown aside, and the touch of nature becomes at once apparent. The sensation of vastness and space is very finely conveyed by this painting. R. Hannah's "Isaac Newton" (230) is a laborious failure. We have a handsome, well-dressed youth, in an awkward attitude; we have the apple that suggested the theory of gravitation prominently displayed; we have the dog Diamond exercising his mischievous teeth upon some scraps of waste paper. The fault of the picture, letting alone ugliness of forms and colours, is its impertinent display. It is a showman's version of a very inconspicuous, though most important, event in the world's history. "The Deluge" (321), by S. B. Halle, is a bit of German sublime. It is a clever piece of academical work; the various effects of terror and despair are treated in *extenso*, and in the most orthodox manner. But Michael Angelo at second or third hand is tedious.

G. H. Thomas's "Ball at the Camp of Boulogne" (469) is one of the originalities of the year, full of pleasant humour and well-marked character. The

talent of our French neighbours for *la danse* is most amusingly set forth—it can hardly be said to be caricatured. All is gaiety and satisfaction, barring the lugubrious face of an Englishman who peeps in at the door, with horror and amazement in his countenance. G. B. O'Neill's "Market-day" (842) is another picture full of matter, and nothing is introduced in it without purpose. The pompous bellman forms the centre, and seems to engross a little too much attention; but in other parts of the picture we decry all the various characters who are wont to make up the *dramatis personæ* of the country market. In the same artist's "Slightest Touch of the Heart Complaint" (334), the face of the sagacious old doctor, who divines the real nature of his fair patient's complaint, is very cleverly hit off. "A Visit to the Old Soldier" (598), and "The Lesson of Mercy" (1209), by W. J. Grant, contain good painting, and are deficient neither in character nor subject. The figures of the Sisters of Charity in the latter picture are excellently drawn. "Charity" (1215), a picture, containing three figures, by F. B. Barwell, deserves to be noticed for its truthful expression, and the absence of all false and mawkish sentiment, so frequent in paintings of which the object is to represent a cardinal virtue. T. Fael'd's "Home and Homeless" (273) is a popular picture, and contains many natural touches. The hungry child eyeing the morsel which is going into the mouth of the well-fed one is true. But there is a certain *embonpoint* about all this painter's characters which detracts a little from their verisimilitude.

#### FRENCH GALLERY.

AMONG the paintings in this gallery which may be said to belong to the higher school of French art, that entitled "Brotherly Affection" (50) by A. V. Bouguereau, is a pleasing specimen. It is the picture of a mother with her two young children, one of whom embraces the other. The drawing of the figures is excellent, and there is a beautiful maternal expression in the mother's face. The colouring is cold, full of blue and green, after the manner now in fashion in France. What a relief would a little warm blood be, thrown into the skins of the children. M. Hamon is warmer in his tints, but he does not get beyond a misty kind of buff colour. The picture, "I did not do it" (169), has a good deal of quiet fun, and the drawing is unexceptionable. The woman entering at the door, and surprising the urchins in the midst of their mischief, is a charming figure; and the attitude of the girl affecting to chastise an unoffending doll is exquisitely given. The two boys hiding behind the door are perhaps a little affected in attitude. The other picture by the same artist of "The Old Nurse" (170) wants vivacity. The children are terribly rigid, and look like so many little images. Guillemin's "Invitation to Dinner" (167) is a genuine stroke of nature. A jolly old priest has just received a present of game, and on the strength thereof invites to dinner a younger brother of the cloth, who has dropped in to pay his respects. The satisfaction with which each party eyes the expected treat is hit off to the life. The complacent beneficence of the elder, who seems to treat the matter as one of every-day occurrence, and the intensity of anticipation in the countenance of the younger, whose eyes seem to expand with rapture, are given in the most masterly way. There is more clearness and decision of touch, and a better tone of colour than usually marks the French genre-pieces. There are many well drawn figures in the "Britany Peasants gathering after the procession of a day of Pardon" (268), by C. Poussin; but the piece is too crowded, and has too little depth of shadow to be effective as a whole. "Marshal Ney supporting the rear-guard at the retreat from Moscow" (324), by A. Yoon, is a very clever work, showing admirable schooling, but the subject is too painful and revolting. It is full of the most dreadful details of carnage, such as were perhaps better left unpainted; but the painter has powers which one would gladly see applied to some more cheerful purpose. E. E. Hillemecher's "Church Porch in Paris on Palm-Sunday" (179), though hard in outline, and motley in colour, has some good figures; the old woman and girl selling palms, taken alone, are capitally drawn. Edouard Frere's "Evening Meal" (150), "Breakfast" (151), "Toilette" (151), and "Young Artist" (153), are studies from the life, which by their simple truthfulness must commend themselves to every taste. Few French painters thus take nature in the rough, and reproduce it with this exquisite fidelity.

Duverger's "Servant" (131), decking herself in her mistress's flowers, and coquettishly admiring her reflection in the glass; is another little masterpiece of art. "The Pet Bird" (287), by Seignac, a pupil of Duverger, falls little short of a work of the master himself. "Explaining a Dream" (98), by P. G. Comte, in which two showily-dressed girls are prognosticating with a pack of cards, contains excellent painting. It may fairly be matched with the best pieces of a similar character of the old Dutch school, where the painter's principal mastery lay in rendering the exquisite surface of a velvet gown with a truthfulness almost amounting to illusion. The girls are evidently studies from life.

M. Biard's "English Travellers in France" (27), and "French Travellers in England" (28), present with ludicrous exactness the perplexities which await the stranger at Calais and Dover. The English family is overwhelmed with the officious services of a tribe of idlers, each of whom devotes his whole energies to the carriage of some distinct article of luggage. One seizes a hatbox; another carries off an umbrella in a wheelbarrow; a score of touters present cards of invitation to as many different lodgings and hotels. The French voyagers on the other shore, apparently destitute of human succour, appeal vainly to a band of impassible policemen for guidance and help. The band heeds not, but passes on in stately row about its own business.

A landscape (276), supposed to represent early morning, by Theodore Rousseau, is a tolerably fair specimen of what passes for a high style of landscape in France. Whether nature is anywhere ever seen in such colours we will not pretend to say; but it seems marvellous that this and similar works should be produced in the country of Claude, and which boasts of its clear skies. The whole French landscape school appears to see everything through a fog. Even the fine cattle piece of Troyon (307) has a thick haziness in the distance. The coarse handling which produces this effect seems to be the consequence of a reaction against the classical dryness of the school which preceded. The French critics appear to take this for masterly breadth of treatment; to an English eye it is more apt to appear the effect of negligence and haste—a kind of execution for which we have the expressive, if not elegant word, *slubbing*.

#### MR. SEDDON'S PICTURES.

WE have been favoured with the view of some excellent pictures and drawings produced by Mr. Thos. Seddon during a year's residence in the East. Mr. Seddon's plan for bringing away reminiscences of the places he has visited has not been that of taking slight sketches and memoranda and then finishing them up into complete pictures at home. All his pictures have been completed on the spot, the artist pitching his tent and living at the place of which the memorial was to be carried away, until the work was quite finished. These works have, in consequence, a character of accuracy which does not always belong to the sketches of travellers; but they are not only very marvellously accurate, even down to botanical details, but they are genuine and beautiful works of art. The execution rivals that of Holman Hunt, to whose style that of Mr. Seddon is closely akin. The principal views are in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem; every tree, one may say almost every stone, is given as though seen through a telescope—the pomegranates and olives, casting their beautiful purple shadows, ornament the valleys which surround the Holy City. Some of Mr. Seddon's views are from Egypt, and the scenery of that country has been delineated with no less scrupulous fidelity. A view of the pyramids, and another of the mutilated head of the great sphinx, are both very striking.

#### WAR PICTURES.

OUR artists are now working away upon war reminiscences, and we shall soon be pretty well stocked with memorials illustrative of the subject which lately had so absorbing an interest. For instance, there is a large picture by Mr. Barker of the allied generals with the officers of their respective staffs before Sebastopol, painted from nature, with the assistance of photographs taken by Mr. Roger Fenton. Then we have two views of Sebastopol in its pomp and pride, and also as it appeared after a year's pounding; these are the joint productions of Mr. N. Whittock and M. Vasilkevitch, a Polish artist, who resided several years in the city. These pictures may be seen at Messrs. Jennings's, in Cheap-side. Lastly, Messrs. Agnew are preparing an engraving of Barrett's picture of the first visit of Queen Victoria to her wounded soldiers. These works, on themes so interesting and popular, will by the help of engraving, no doubt, obtain a wide circulation.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE GALLERY.

THE north wing of the Crystal Palace has been fitted up as a picture gallery, and now presents a very brilliant display of works of modern art. Continental productions are in abundance, as well as those of native origin. The English school is represented by Landseer, Leslie, Frost, Lucy, Madox Browne, H. O'Neill, H. Warren, E. Corbould, and a good many other not undistinguished names, although, as perhaps might be expected, the list at present does not comprise many of the most conspicuous in the world of art. Of the Belgian school, there are important works by Leys, De Keyser, and Wappers; and Rosa Bonheur heads the French school with the "Charcoal Burners," a work of wonderful power.

The gallery is admirably lighted, and its advantages as a place of exhibition are so manifest, that we have little doubt that it will find support among those whose interest it is to make their works known to the public.



## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

## NEW MUSIC.

1. *Coming Back Again*: a Ballad, composed by S. W. New. 2. *Vive la Joie*: pour Piano, par Ferdinand Praeger. 3. *Oh! tell me not of other Lands*: a Ballad, composed by S. W. New. 4. *The Snow-drift*: Mazurka, by Parry Cole. (J. H. Jewell.)—1. *Coming Back Again* is one of those unpretending songs, written on the pure English model, that has only to be known to become a confirmed favourite. It requires no extraordinary compass of voice, and will suit almost every singer. There is a charming vein of graceful melody running throughout, and it is written with musician-like care. 2. *Vive la Joie* is a *bagatelle* from the pen of Ferdinand Praeger. It will be a welcome addition to the brilliant young pianoforte-player's collection. 3. *Oh! tell me not of other Lands* is a fresh and pleasing melody, and is excellently adapted for "a teaching song," being wholly unobjectionable in the words, and lying for the middle register of the voice. 4. Mr. Parry Cole has been very successful in producing so charming a mazurka as *The Snow-drift*, one of those bright, airy, and showy compositions that, without requiring severe study, is yet brilliant, and of sufficient interest to merit the attention of those who are ordinary executants.

## DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &amp;c.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mlle. Piccolomini, Mme. Albertini, Wagner, Marie Taglioni. ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—LYCEUM.—Mme. Ristori. *Medea*. *Maria Stuarda*.

OLYMPIC.—A Fascinating Individual: a Farce. By Mr. H. Wigan.

## THE ORCHESTRAL UNION.

THE success of Mademoiselle Piccolomini is now a *fait accompli*. She ranks in the estimation of the public as the finest actress on the operatic stage. But why does not Mr. Lumley give us an opportunity of appreciating her in something better than the horrible music of that horrible *Traviata*? Surely that abortion of the Signor Verdi does not comprise the whole extent of her repertoire? With a dramatic power so intense, there are few characters in the entire range of the lyric drama which she might not confidently attempt. Following immediately upon the success of the Piccolomini comes the *début* of Mme. Albertini, a *prima donna* of great power and capabilities. The part selected for her *début* was that of Leonora in the *Trovanore* (they seem fond of the Signor Verdi at her Majesty's Theatre), and in it she made a decided success. Her voice is a powerful *mezzo soprano*, rich and full and flexible; her form is graceful and rather slight; her features are mobile and intelligent; altogether she is an addition to the list of *prime donne*, for which the opera-loving public owe Mr. Lumley many thanks. But still, I say—why Verdi? In connection with the *début* of Madame Albertini is the return of Beaucardé, who takes the part of Manrico and sustained it nobly. Improved greatly both in singing and acting, he is a very powerful addition to Mr. Lumley's troupe.

But Mr. Lumley is never tired of novelty. One would have supposed that three *prime donne* of the first excellence would have sufficed—Albini, Piccolomini, Albertini. But no; while I write the crowds are pouring in to hear Joanna Wagner—the much-litigated and much-talked-of Wagner. And I must go and hear her too; but can say nothing of her until the next number.

And not even yet have I exhausted the list of attractions at Her Majesty's Theatre. The ballet keeps up the reputation of its ancient fame, and is comparable to any era of Terpsichorean excellence. In addition to the bewitching Boschetti, so agile, so daring, so astonishing, and so *agacante*, we now have Marie Taglioni, who perpetuates the graceful *balloné* style of her great predecessor.

At the other Opera House—I detest that quarrelsome phrase "rival"—the season continues to progress, with uniform success. *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Rigoletto* and *La Favorita* have been the chief attractions of the fortnight. The cast in the last-named opera is similar to that of last season, with the exception of substituting Zelger for Lablache in the rôle of Baldassarre, by which (in my humble opinion) the public are no losers. Graziani (the best barytone of the day) has also made a sensation in the same opera.

If that captious critic, the old playgoer (I refer not to an individual, but to the entire genus) has visited the Lyceum during the last fortnight, he has certainly experienced a new sensation—he has seen a great tragic actress once more upon English boards. I say *once more*, because I take it upon the faith of the old playgoer that Mrs. Siddons *was* a great tragic actress. I cannot vouch this of my own knowledge, but I am content to believe it, and am flattered in my national pride when I hug myself in the belief that we once possessed an artist fit to rank with this incomparable Ristori. A year ago, when I saw her in Paris, I recognised in her a quality of acting which was up to that time unknown to me, which we had no sort of example, or even the

faintest shadow of, upon the English stage. She dwarfed even Rachel in my estimation, and (what is more), in the estimation of Rachel herself; for the great *tragedienne* condescended to be jealous; and as for the so-called tragic actresses whom I had seen in England, she removed them into the region of comedy, if not of broad farce. All Paris fell down before her and worshipped her. She came with her noble features, her queenly form, and her melting Tuscan language, and all hearts were conquered. Rachel saw her and had a *crise de nerf*. Could triumph be more complete? It could. There was one more land to conquer—a land proud and tenacious of its judgment in matters appertaining to the art dramatic, the land of Shakspeare and Siddons; and now she has conquered that. Old men abjure the faith of their youth, which they have treasured up so jealously these many years, and admit the inferiority of even Siddons; whilst young men applaud with frantic wonder, and declare that she is truly a marvel, a great artist, a true actress, the very Muse of Tragically embodied in the flesh.

When the series of characters which she is to display is concluded, I intend to make an endeavour to give some detailed reasons for this enthusiastic admiration. Meantime let me assure my readers that it is partaken by everybody who sees her. Those who behold her in the terrible *Medea*, that raging lioness—that more than lioness, that jealous and vindictive woman—feel as if they had seen bloodshed; it is a spectacle of terror that thrills every fibre in the heart: and those who have seen her like a suffering angel in *Maria Stuarda*, weep passionate tears of sympathy with that unfortunate queen. Let all who have it in their power go then and see her, and I have no fear for their verdict. Let them go if only to see what great acting really is—or rather what nature is. And let our actresses go, that they may learn humility, that they may know what it is they lack, and that they may catch perchance but one spark of that celestial fire which vivifies that glorious creature. This may sound like hyperbole; but it is indeed the sober truth.

The *Fascinating Individual* is intended as a character part for Robson. The plot turns upon the fascinations of Mr. Robson, who impersonates a lady-killer of infinite prowess, and whose tribulations, into which he naturally betrays himself by the very excess of his ability, make the audience roar very heartily.

The second concert of the Orchestral Union took place at the Hanover-square Rooms on the 5th inst., when a very numerous and fashionable audience were delighted with a very judicious selection of pieces. A symphony of Haydn, played with the nicest exactness by the members, was warmly applauded; and Mr. Sainton's performance on the violin was rewarded with enthusiastic plaudits. Miss Arabella Goddard was expected to appear, but was excused upon the ground of having "a cold;" that, unless the cold had affected her fingers, it is not easy to understand how it could interfere with her performance on the pianoforte. Her absence, however, was very satisfactorily atoned for by the charming performance of Mr. Cusens. These concerts of the Orchestral Union reflect the greatest credit upon all concerned, and especially upon Mr. Alfred Mellon, who directs them with consummate ability, and, by his judicious management, has rendered the instrumentation quite equal to anything of which the Conservatoire can boast, and superior to anything before accomplished in this country. JACQUES.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—A likeness of the murderer, William Palmer, has been added to this exhibition. He is represented as he appeared at the Central Criminal Court, dressed in black.

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**THE following is an EXTRACT from the** Second Edition (page 186) of the Translation of the Pharmacopoeia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.—

"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the Pharmacopoeia) that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloë; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloë, except it be in the form of COCKLE'S PILLS, which chiefly consist of aloë, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a tonic medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom; a muscular purgative, a mucous purge, and a hydragogue purge combined, and their effects properly controlled by a drilgent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids like most aloëtic pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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KÖNIGLICHES-POLIZEI PRÆSDIUM, 12. ARBEITUNG.

Berlin, Jan. 23, 1851.

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